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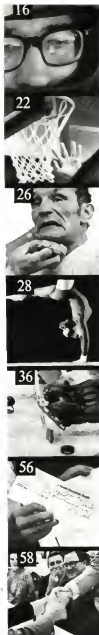
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Next week

THE UNBQUITOUS BRUINS of UCLA take their new brom-murship act to Houston, where, if Kansas, Villanova or Western Kentucky don't object, they'll win a title.

THE MASTERS is paradise unchanging. Almost Dan Jenkins assesses the constant alterations to the course itself, while Bill Gilbert precociously questions some old Augusta attitudes.

BIG GUNS are booming over Salina Island, a game preserve for tough hunters near Seattle. One stirring question is Did Walter Cronkite take a television cheap shot?

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BOOKTALK

Old pro footballers talk about the past and make a treat of the game that was

It would be useless to pretend that writers are not a competitive lot—envying not only a colleague's completed effort if it is worthy, but also (since research can be sheer drudgery) the time and circumstances, if they are pleasurable, involved in the development of the work. In both instances Myron Cope is to be envied. He has compiled a first-rate book, *The Game That Was* (World Publishing Co., \$50), and he must have had an absolutely marvelous time putting it together. The book consists of a series of monologues developed from interviews Cope conducted with 20 oldtime football players, ranging from Johnny Blood to Bobby Layne, some of which first appeared in this magazine. The device is not new. In 1966 Lawrence S. Ritter published 22 monologues with old baseball players (*The Glory of Their Times*), and readers, judging by the success of the book, enjoyed reading it as much as Ritter did preparing it.

Myron Cope surely had an equivalently grand time calling on his old warriors and listening to them. He has elicited reminiscences from them that not only evoke a sense of the times in which the ballplayers played (which makes the book interesting as a sociological treatise), but also (if they are to be believed) the chapters provide superb portraits of the game and the people who played it. The parenthetical disclaimer is stated simply because the tales occasionally reach the heights one associates with sitting around the ol' hoghead. But no matter—one can "look it up," as James Thurber's oldtimer reminded his readers, and if the truth has been stretched, or missed altogether, it is to be excused in the name of good storytelling.

Reading *The Game That Was* one searches for traits common to both the characters of those described and today's players. Certainly the topics then were the same one hears around the training camps today. Almost all the oldtimers talk about money: the slim wages they toiled for (a couple of thousand dollars was considered an adequate annual payment) but their complaint is rueful rather than bitter. The coaches, of course, come in for considerable comment—just as they do today—and they almost invariably turn out, in the eyes of the players, to be dim-witted, overbearing and self-seeking, though all of them were possessed with a competitiveness that is near demonic. Here is Hank Anderson, as recalled by Alex Wojciechowski: "Anderson had come over from the Bears to join the Lions as defensive coach, and he said to us, 'Gentlemen, we are playing the Bears at Chicago, and there is only one way you can beat the

Bears and that is to outslug them. . . I want seven men to line up head to head against that Bear line. . . and when that ball is snapped, I want every man to slug the man in front of him. The worst we can get is a 15-yard penalty. Whether one slugs or seven slug, the most we can get is 15 yards.'

"So on that first play from scrimmage, what you heard all the way down the line was bang, bang, bang. And remember, nobody wore face guards then. Joe Stydahar, the Bears' great tackle, walked off the field. He was bleeding at the mouth furiously.

"The officials, of course, penalized us 15 yards, which moved the ball to the 35. . . Hank's instructions were to slug them not just on the first play but on the first three plays. So that's what we did on the next play and the next. Everybody just socking away. Penalties moved the ball to the 50 and then down to our 35. And do you know, that's the farthest the Bears got all day."

Football, as it is described in *The Game That Was*, seems so much more of an adventure then than it does now, not only because communication was comparatively primitive (it's notable that one of Cope's interviewees had never heard of the team he was scouted by. . . and eventually played for), but also because so many players came from rural communities that endowed them with a small-town provincial outlook. Bulldog Turner, remembering his earliest football days, had never heard the word cafeteria, and when the coaches asked if he'd like to join them in one, he hastily demurred.

Steve Owen, the Giant coach, felt he always had to give his team an annual talk on the evils of the Big city. "Now listen," he would say. "You boys are coming in here with your straw hats still tied to your shoulder. There are sharp fellows around who can spot you. Now if you're standing on a corner and a fellow rushes up to you and says, 'I've got to get rid of this thousand-dollar mink coat, and I'll give it to you for \$40, don't buy it. Or if a fellow says, 'I've got a beautiful watch for your wife,' don't buy that, either. I'm telling you this, and I know it to be true, because I got stuck that way myself."

There are such lovely things to be found in this book. I particularly liked Johnny Blood talking about his parents trying to make a "cultured individual" out of him, to which he had a "high resistance." In the seventh or eighth grade he "put on a very poor public performance with the violin," playing *Turkey in the Straw*—an experience Blood hasn't gotten over to this day. Still, his love to the world of music, however anguishing, is football's gain, for which we (through Cope's skill and artistry as a recorder) can be most grateful.

—GEOFFREY PLEMPER

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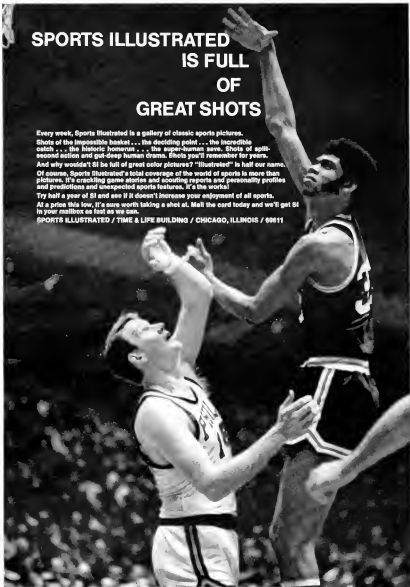
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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

THE HAYWOOD CASE (CONT.)

The selection of three underclassmen—Tom Raker, a South Carolina junior, and sophomores Barry Parkhill of the University of Virginia and Jim Chones of Marquette—by the Virginia Squires during the second phase of the American Basketball Association draft was another spin-off of the increasingly far-reaching case of Spencer Haywood.

Unlike the signing of Haywood, whose premature entry into the pro game was facilitated by the ABA's so-called "hardship" clause which permits the hiring of an impoverished college player before his class has graduated, the selection of these three is a direct assault on the draft policies of both pro leagues. The Squires make no contention that the three are special cases of any sort. Earl Foreman, Squires owner who made his bones over the objections of ABA Commissioner Jack Dolph, said:

"I decided to draft according to the bylaws of the ABA as we think they should be interpreted under the precepts of general law and recent court decisions. It was a calculated risk. The future will tell if we are right or wrong."

Foreman's hope of being proved right rests largely on an injunction issued three weeks ago by the federal judge who is hearing the nettlesome Haywood case in Los Angeles. He enjoined the National Basketball Association from enforcing its wait-until-the-player's-class-graduates eligibility rule. The Squires' draft selections indicate that they feel the court injunction not only will be made permanent but also will be extended beyond the NBA to the ABA (and then, presumably, to the National Football League).

The irony of this lies in the fact that the people hurt by the draft rules as they stood were players who might have wanted to turn pro instead of finishing college, not the owners who are risking a change. The system now challenged by owners in both leagues has operated virtually unchanged for 25

years. During that time it helped provide a good farm system for the pros by allowing an attractive, self-supporting college game to thrive. It was also the system under which pro basketball grew to maturity, and essentially identical to the one under which pro football did the same. Alas, it also may have been illegal.

The owners seem to have judged the situation poorly. Instead of a stable player procurement system which, until competition from the ABA arose, gave owners the upper hand in player negotiations and presumably would do so again once the leagues merge, they are now heading for a freewheeling open market that may give the rookie players the advantage permanently.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

In Pennsylvania wrestling is a sport dear to the heart, as has been demonstrated in the case of Mike Marino.

Mike was scheduled to compete in the Western regional of the Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic Association high school tournament. But 250 teachers in the Canon-McMillan school district in Canonsburg, Pa. were threatening to strike. Under the rules of the PIAA, if a school is closed because of a strike all athletics are terminated, so Mike would have been ineligible.

Aware of this, the teachers voted to postpone their strike, and Mike competed and won his event in the regionals.

LEGEND DISMISSED

The big uproar in the Nevada legislature this month has been whether the mustang should be declared the official state animal. The answer seems to be no.

Veheement counterproposals have been made by sheep ranchers, who disapprove of any wild animal that eats grass and drinks water in that arid land. Suggested alternatives include the bighorn sheep, which lives on rocky crags and is rare,

and the burro, also rare and kind of dumb. The burro, at least, does not wander all over the place eating the sparse feed the range has to offer.

But competition for feed is not the only objection to the mustang. Writing in *The Environmental Journal*, Anthony Amaral, an acknowledged expert on the wild horse of the West, holds that the mustang does not exist anymore, though plenty of wild horses, about 20,000 of them, now roam the country, perhaps half of them in Nevada.

"The mustang—that tough, hot-blooded descendant of the Spanish horse and North African ancestors—disappeared before the turn of the century," Amaral contends. "By 1940 the true mustang was in the memorial league of the passenger pigeon."

The wild horse of today is, it appears, the descendant of no-good horses that ranchers turned out to run free.

TUCUMCARI TIDBITS

One of the oddities about *The Tucumcari* (N. Mex.) *Daily News* is that its staff is all ladies, including the sports editor. For a while it also had an irate subscriber.

Every morning the subscriber would



hear the paper land with a thunk on his front porch. Going to the door, he would find no paper at all.

Eventually, lying in wait, he heard the thunk and instantly opened the door, just in time to see a large crow winging away with his newspaper.

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continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

Meanwhile, the subscriber is trying a sporting solution—he races the crow for the paper. You have to move fast to keep on top of the News in Tucumcari.

ANONYMOUS CITY

Televising the Pro Bowlers' Tour stop-over in Winston-Salem, N.C., the American Broadcasting Company's best minds were confronted with a critical decision. The tournament was sponsored by R.J. Reynolds Co., which makes Winston and Salem cigarettes. But regulations prohibit cigarette advertising on TV. So the network decided not even to mention the name of the city in which the tournament was being held—at least not until the very end of the game.

Which led the *Winston-Salem Journal* to inquire editorially if similar restrictions would be in order in the case of Salem, N.J., Marlboro, N.Y., Chesterfield, S.C. or even, maybe, Winston Churchill.

THE MORE IT CHANGES

The idea that three balls, rather than four, constitute a walk is being tested in baseball's spring training and Commissioner Bowie Kuhn has been keeping an eye on it while, at the same time, keeping his mouth shut about it. In Arizona experiments between Cleveland and Oakland there has been an average of 19 walks per game, which pretty much establishes that if baseball wants more men on base to make the game more exciting, this will do it. On the other hand, there are those who hold that a walk is not all that thrilling to witness.

Fiddling around with the walk and strikeout rules is not new to baseball. In 1880 the rules committee changed the walk from nine balls to eight; in 1881 they went to seven balls; three years later a walk was awarded on six balls; in 1886 back to seven balls; in 1887 to five balls. But the strikeout then was called on four strikes instead of three. In 1888 three strikes became out once more, and in 1889 the walk went to four balls.

There is nothing new under the sun.

FINDING THE BLEEPING BALL

The idea of inventing a golf ball that one cannot lose must have occurred to mankind from time to time, only to be abandoned as impossible.

Nothing is impossible, as the Penn Central Railroad discovered recently when it lost 277 freight cars. An Ed-

inburgh businessman, Stephen Horschler, has invented the unloseable golf ball. It contains a tiny radio transmitter and, when lost, sends out a distress signal. It has, says Horschler, the same playing characteristics as any good ball.

On the 1st tee you put your Horschler ball next to a transistor radio and tune in until you get a high-pitched signal. Then you move the ball three feet away from the radio and tune in again, until you get a stronger signal. Switch off and play.

Very well, the ball goes into the rough. Turn on the radio and walk toward where the ball seemed to go. Listen and concentrate as you search the area where the bleeps from the ball are loudest.

STRIKE

Whether professional baseball is a sport or a business has long been debated in the U.S. Now Thailand is taking a hard look at bowling, golf and skating. The Thai Supreme Court has, in fact, declared that bowling is a form of entertainment, not a sport, and thereby is taxable. Furthermore, the taxes may be applied retroactively, leading alley owners to predict bankruptcy.

Now owners of skating rinks and golf courses have begun to shudder. The director general of the Thai Revenue Department announced that he was considering applying the bowling principle to those entertainments—or sports.

TRY MONTANA

For years Idaho has promoted tourism by emphasizing its line hunting and fishing. Last year more than 11,000 non-residents hunted in Idaho, many of them employing the services of the state's professional packers, outfitters and guides, none of whom are patronized by more than a handful of the state's residents. Now it would appear that many of these aides to the outdoorsman will have to go out of business.

Idaho no longer wants to share its hunting with sportsmen from other states. The Idaho legislature has approved a bill to let the game and fish department restrict the number of hunting licenses issued to nonresidents.

"The local hunter," explains a member of the game commission, "resents the outsider who hunts in Idaho. Generally, the nonresident hunter is better equipped and is a better shot, and because he is willing to pay good money

to hunt deep in the wilderness, he is more successful than the local. But to keep the nonresident hunter out is contrary to wise game management."

Well, there is always the scenery.

A BOOKIE AND A GENTLEMAN

A reputation for reliability is essential to the bookmaker's trade. On the other hand, for a bookmaker to return money that has been wagered and lost is downright supererogatory.

But it has happened. Philip Laister, manager of a betting shop near Birmingham, England, disputed a referee's verdict that cost Henry Cooper, veteran British heavyweight, his British, European and Commonwealth boxing titles and gave them to Joe Bugner (*page 26*). The referee ruled the fight all even at the end of 14 rounds, gave the 15th to Bugner and awarded him the victory by a quarter of a point.

Disgusted, Laister announced he was returning all moneys bet on Cooper, who had been favored at 2-to-5 odds.

SPORTING SCIENCE

It is nine times more dangerous, from the standpoint of fatalities, to drive an automobile than to play football, which is, nevertheless, the most dangerous game in the world.

So says *The Encyclopedia of Sports Sciences and Medicine*, a weighty publication (6½ pounds) priced at \$39.95. The book, sponsored by the American College of Sports Medicine, was compiled from hundreds of manuscripts submitted by doctors, coaches, physical-education teachers and the like. Some tidbits:

A lumberjack may expend from 4,120 to 7,210 calories a day, but a golfer burns only five calories a minute.

In high school football the end run causes more injuries than any other play.

Some training exercises, like full squats and duck waddles, are bad for the joints.

If pep talks are ethical to inspire athletes, so is hypnosis.

THEY SAID IT

• Denny McLain, the Washington Senators' pitcher, on the value of preseason conditioning: "All that running and exercise can do for you is make you healthy."

• New York fight fan: "Why should I feel sorry for Ali? He got \$2.5 million dollars for being beaten up. Most of us in this city have to pay for the privilege." **END**



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TV TALK

An L.A. sports broadcaster is giving the networks a run for their objectives

The networks, which usually appear dedicated to the proposition that sports announcing must be bland, humorless and uninformed, seem to forget sometimes that they are no longer the only game in town. As a consequence, the regimented network stars are regularly embarrassed in head-to-head exposure against local announcers who show some individuality and understanding of the action they are describing. Nowhere is the contrast more evident than in the second-largest TV market in the land, where the dominant sports voice belongs to a man who has thrived for a decade by being outrageously and stylishly himself.

Chuck Hearn, the voice of the Los Angeles Lakers, stands at the top of his profession today. As handsome and wire-throated as his network colleagues, he exhibits perception and wit as well. In Southern California he is so appreciated that his fans refuse to do without him, with the result that he is forced to simulcast—broadcast radio and TV play-by-play at the same time. A large number of Laker fans require even more assurance; they bring transistor, tuned to Hearn, to the home games. Vin Scully of the Dodgers was responsible for starting this phenomenon, but baseball is a languid, chatzy sport that enables an announcer to assert his personality with relative ease. Accomplishing the same thing during the constant action of a basketball game must be more difficult. In any case, the transistor habit would seem to attest equally to Hearn's announcing talent and to the insecurity of the average Laker follower as he watches his team in person.

Considering the relatively recent popularity of big-time basketball, it is a minor anomaly that there are probably more good announcers covering this sport today than there are good baseball or football speakers. Hearn explains this by pointing to the popularity of high school basketball and football, in which budding announcers find a training ground that baseball cannot offer. Basketball broadcasters also frankly admit that once you're into it, calling basketball is easier than many other sports. Perhaps most important, basketball commentary has not suffered from the petrifying effects of long repetition as much as baseball and football announcing have. It is easier to wing it a little in basketball, and the best young men are naturally drawn to a sport that gives them a chance to vent their talents. In the NBA alone there is a profusion of good young play-by-play men—notably Jim Karvelas in Baltimore, Skip Caray in Atlanta and Andy Musser in Philadelphia.

Hearn has had an influence not only within his field but on the game itself. Several of his phrases have drifted into the public domain, for example, "no-hum, no-foul," "yo-yoing" and "corkscrew layup"—all original Chackrams. His latest, "drizzle drive," also seems destined for an honored place in the lexicon of modern basketball terminology.

As slick and humorous as Hearn might be, however, his ability to transmit an incisive and deep knowledge of the game—which he refreshes with tedious study every day—is his outstanding attribute. Unlike the network men, who are reluctant to venture more than confirmations of the obvious, Hearn's whole approach is to guide the viewer, to increase his interest and understanding with heavy infusions of speculation, criticism and confident expertise. "Anticipation," he says. "That's the whole secret, the most important thing." Often citing floor violations before the referees do, Hearn bats a good 900 on such calls. And he is constantly coming up with some bit of monologue that gives the listener as clear a picture of a game situation as he could get by eavesdropping on a sideline huddle. Take this typical few moments from a recent broadcast:

"...over to Clark on the left. The 76ers are trying to work something inside there. There goes Jackson on the pick-and-roll. Clark sees him, but Walt is dropping back on Jackson. Archie throws to Jackson underneath, but the Lakers foul him right away. That won't be on Walt but on McMillan, coming over from the side to help out. Yes, it is on McMillan, and an unnecessary foul because Jim did not see that Walt had dropped back and thought he had to handle Jackson by himself."

Since Hearn ran himself of a bad case of the greets—at his worst, he called one Laker "the NBA's greatest two-handed offensive rebounder"—the only substantial criticism remaining is that he overwhelms his color man. Which he does. Also, so what? As a rule of thumb, the more guys with microphones, the worse the broadcast. Considering the evident abilities of most network men, it is understandable why the safety-in-numbers approach enjoys such a vogue, but, in fact, the strongest performances are invariably turned in where one man is clearly the boss.

Almost every form of public exposition is falling back on the more personal, intimate approach: low-budget, compact movies, first-person journalism; offhand, often self-deprecatory commercials; even friendly *Our Guy* television news. What this approach sometimes invites, of course, is a too "inside," too-acute presentation that is supposed to substitute for quality. Hearn manages to avoid these pitfalls while establishing a brand of personal excellence that represents, happily, the future in his field.

—FRANK DIFORD

An old institution is putting new life into housing stocks.



A lot of investors must be thinking there's no place like housing.

Some housing stocks have doubled in the last 9 months.

We're usually suspicious of stocks that move that fast. But this time we think there's more to it than speculative fever. In fact, we believe that housing could become a new growth industry.

One reason we say that is the trend in marriages. Last year, a record 2 million couples joined hands. Fifty percent more than a decade ago.

Few of those couples want to live with their in-laws. And the recent drop in mortgage rates has made it easier to buy a house.

Bullish as that sounds, our analysts think another trend could do even more for housing over the long term.

The rising tide of Federal help.

During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1970, the Administration provided enough funds to cover 58 percent of all mortgage loans. A lot

more than just a couple of years ago.

That's going to help a lot because housing construction has been held back by a periodic lack of mortgage money. But with the Government narrowing the money gap, we think the stage is set for fast and steady growth.

If you'd like to see our latest recommendations, talk with a Merrill Lynch Account Executive. He can tell you about the stocks we've picked in home building, appliances, furniture, and other housing related lines.

Stocks that we think could show good gains in the months and years ahead.

If we're right, it won't mean we can judge the investment significance of every new trend. Nobody can. But we do have twice as many analysts working on it as any other broker.

We figure that puts the odds in our favor.

Merrill Lynch: We look for the trends.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc. For nearest office call toll free 800 343 6000. In Connecticut call 800 942 0655.



FAST LAST FLING FOR AN OLD GIRL

Sebring celebrated its own imminent end with 12 hours of vintage striving. There was speed, collision, flame, argument and a surprise winner on the course that had awakened America to road racing

by ROBERT F. JONES

A visit to the annual 12 Hours of Sebring is not unlike a week with a maiden aunt. An ancient and slightly dotty aunt, who lives in a drafty pink stucco mansion, who herds hulk mauliffs and recites Robert Browning and tools around town in a vintage Ferrari, never paying her traffic tickets. One suffers her bad cooking and the faulty plumbing, her endlessly querulous monologues, the odd dog bite, it is worth it, well worth it, for that one mad dash through town in the Ferrari. Worth it if only to see the years fall away as her eyes rev higher than the engine, to watch that frail, translucent hand slam through the gear changes as she grooves out the motorcycle cops who follow in vain, dumbfounded pursuit. Secretly, of course, we hope to inherit the Ferrari when she passes away, but all we end up with are the dogs.

Last weekend the old gentlewoman died. When the checkered flag fell at the end of Saturday's race, it flashed a finish to 21 years of world-class racing at America's dowager road course. Even if the race is renewed next year—a big if—it will be on a new track and probably under new management. Altec Ulmann, Sebring's organizer and thus the man who turned on the nation to European-style sports car competition, hopes to salvage the race by going public. He must build a new road course before the sanctioning bodies will approve the race, and in his part of Florida—in deed, in much of the land—construction

money is not easy to come by. Even should Ulmann succeed, it would not be the same old irritating, litigious, grandly exciting race.

During the days before this last race Ulmann could be seen as usual, stalking through the pits in his usual blue blazer and ice-cream pants, flashing the usual warm grin and firing off bursts of greetings in four languages, clamping his powerful embrace on drivers young and old. "I cannot promise anything," Ulmann replied to all questions about the fate of the race. "If local hacking doesn't materialize, I'll have to make the inevitable decision I hate to make and say that this is the last race in Sebring."

Whatever the future, last week was a fine time for Sebring buffs to indulge themselves in that most recent of American psychic trips, nostalgia. It took many forms. "Hey, dig," said one dude waving a notebook. "I just added it all up. If you were to lay every Sebring endurance race end to end, it would run for 246 hours and cover about 22,000 miles. That's like from here to Dnepropetrovsk if you go by way of Samoa." Average speed? "Wait a minute. . . ." Scratch, scratch. "Uh, 89,4308 miles per hour—that's not so fast, is it?" Well, considering the equipment that ran in the early years of the race, it is fast enough. The very first Sebring, a six-hour event held on Dec. 31, 1950, was won by these immortals, Fred Wacker and Frank Burrell, in a Cadillac-Allard at the dizzying pace of 66.65 mph.

But statistics are to nostalgia as too much vermouth is to a martini. Raw speed was never what Sebring, or what sports car racing in general, is all about. What Sebring gave to American motor sports was a cavalier quality, in the best sense of that word. The European drivers who came to race in the ben, flat, red-neck country of south central Florida were men of panache and élan, dead cool and irritatingly aristocratic in many cases, bluebloods with, well, assurance. The image rapidly waned to cliché, but in retrospect it is obvious that men like Wolfgang von Trips and the Marquis de Portago and even Porfirio Rubirosa were the inheritors of the romantic European tradition that allegedly died with World War I. These were cavalry officers, not tank drivers—Royal Flushes with slim waists and kinky love lives, well-fed wastrels compounded of champagne and courage with a dash of snobbery in lieu of bitters. It was all so exotic, and, if one is to believe the pop-psych prattle, erotic as well.

Much of that original glamour has worn off sports car racing in the 21 years since the first Sebring. The early cars, with their open cockpits, allowed the racing fan to watch his hero do all of his heroic number. It was possible to compare driving styles—Juan Manuel Fan-

continued

Trouble ripped a fender from Pedro Rodriguez' Porsche and parked an Alfa, but all was well with the winner (3) in and out of traffic





gic with his massive forearms wrestling his 4.5-liter Maser through the Hairpin and into the Warehouse Straight, Baron Huschke von Hanstein negotiating the tricky Esses with Bismarckian aplomb in his no-nonsense Porsche.

Today, of course, the really hot cars are usually closed-cockpit, and even when they are open, as was the case with the Alfa Romeos and Mario Andretti's Ferrari 312 BP in this year's race, the drivers recline so far back and are so hidden by their wraparound "bone-

dome" helmets that it might as well be Cousin Freddie out there driving.

Technological evolution may be corrosive to glamour, but there is one thing about Sebring that has remained basically the same: the 5.2-mile course itself. Laid out partially on a World War II air base and winding through a burgeoning "industrial park" on the southern outskirts of town, it is one of the most punishing—and poorly maintained—road courses in racing. "My God," said Jackie Oliver, the hard-boiled

As Remas engulfed his Ferrari, Driver Gregg Yeung, at lower right, scuttled away from the inferno. His escape was lucky. When he flipped and



English Porsche driver, "did you ever see a circuit with grass growing up through the cracks? You're airborne half the time on the approach to the Esses and there's just not sufficient protection for the spectators in a few places. Still, I'll be sad to see Sebring go. The really old, dangerous courses—Spa, the Nürburgring, this place—accrete a mystique over the years. They mean something."

Because of its rough surface and its wrenching corners coupled with long, fast straightaways on the airport run-

ways, Sebring is one of the world's toughest mechanical tests. "It's a shock-popping brake-burner," says Dave Houser, a promising gentleman-amateur who was driving a small MGB last week. "I'm going like this out there"—his hands gyrate wildly—"so you can imagine what it's like for the big cars."

Wicked as the course may be, it can be justified as a meaningful challenge to engineering and ingenuity. The same argument cannot be applied to the town of Sebring and environs. Even though

motor racing fans, particularly those who follow the enduros, are suspiciously masochistic, no one in his right mind could enjoy the lack of amenities for which Sebring is justly infamous. Merely getting there is an endurance race all its own over secondary roads from the nearest air terminals at Tampa, Palm Beach or Jacksonville. The ride can be spiced up by keeping a tally on how many dead armadillos and/or live state troopers are sighted along the road. (Betting tip: state troopers predominate.)

continued

crashed he was trapped beneath the car, which rescuers tipped up high enough to free him. The moment they let go of the car the fire erupted.





Sebring itself is a rather pretty, superficially quiet town, a throwback to the Florida of the prewar years. By contrast, Indianapolis is Fun City. In the early days of the race many fans stayed in private homes while the big bread boys like John Perona, the late owner of El Morocco, put up at Harder Hall, a golf resort that has since fallen on evil times.

Speed buffs who get tired of sitting around the Hall's pleasant bar bad-mouthing the rest of the hotel often end up at Sebring's one good restaurant, Clayton's, on Route 27 south of town, serves up good food cheerfully, and its long horseshoe bar is the best place to pick up the latest on the race—often from the drivers themselves. The parking lot is a veritable museum of race cars. Indeed, for the man who loves fine automobiles, from seamless old Mercedes 300SLs through ancient but elegant Ferraris to the latest glossy Jag XJ, Sebring is a car watcher's nirvana.

The best way to beat Sebring's housing and dining problems is the old way: Bernard Cahier, the world-famous French racing journalist, rents a house during race week. It comes replete with mounted deer heads, resident lunker black bass, and one Jane Green, a crackjack housekeeper and topnotch cook of the ante bellum Southern South. The scene chez Cahier is so civilly comfortable that after lunch on the eve of race day Jackie Oliver dozed off in his chair. "It takes about 20 laps of hard driving to get used to the Sebring bumps every year," he apologized later. "After that a man needs at least 20 winks."

Oliver, who co-drove the winning Porsche 917K with Pedro Rodriguez at the Daytona 24 Hours in January, had to be rated on form as the prerace favorite. But one of the magical things about Sebring is that the results rarely follow form of any sort. This year was splendidly typical. The Gulf-Wyer Porsche team, which had won 10 out of 12 straight World Manufacturers races, was certainly the outfit to beat, and there were plenty of cars on hand to try. Foremost among them was the lone factory Ferrari, a three-liter open-cockpit car

designated the 312 BP. FIA rules for 1972 restrict engine size in the production sports (i.e., "big car") category to three liters, and this machine represented the wave of that future. Driving the car: Mario Andretti and Jackie Ickx. "A simple case of driver overkill," was the reaction to that tough teaming.

Tough, too, was the spiffy Sunoco-blue Ferrari 512 of the Penske-White racing team. During pre-qualifying tests the weekend before the race Mark Donohue took the car around a damp track fully three seconds faster than Andretti's lap record of 121.954 mph set last year. Then the car was shipped back north to home base for more work. Later, while he was loading the car on a transporter prior to driving back down from Philadelphia during race week, Donohue sprained his right ankle. "It would have made good copy if we had just poured some Sunoco on it and slapped on some gray tape," said a Penske man, "but we got in a trainer from the Miami Dolphins to do the honors." As a precaution, Penske himself—who had not raced since 1964—took out a license and underwent his prerace physical. "Yeah," said the wags, "the doctor unbolted Roger's chest plate and discovered that all the transistors were in good shape."

The field of top competitors was rounded out by a trio of trim, reliable but relatively slow Alfa Romeo three-liter Spiders; four rather sloppily prepared Ferrari 512s entered by Luigi Chinetti's North American Racing Team; and a single silver Porsche 917, jointly entered by Porsche-Audi of Austria and Martini & Rossi Racing of Saarbrücken. At Daytona, Martini & Rossi had entered two cars. Now, by concentrating on just one machine, with Vic Elford of England and the young French rallyist Gerard Larrousse driving, it became an unremarked but definite contender.

A line squall fraught with tornado warnings rumbled through Sebring the night before the race, and the morning air was bright, clear, electric. The best of the Sebring races have inevitably been marked by fantastic strokes of luck—good and bad—and laden with controversy. This was no exception. Early on, Jo Siffert, in the second Gulf-Wyer Porsche, clipped off a new lap record of 124.418 mph, and then a few laps later ran out of gas on the course. Defying the rules, Siffert thumbed a ride back to his pits on a passing motorcycle, then lugged gas back out to the car. Oldtimers recalled that Stirling Moss had done the

same thing back in 1959 when his race-leading Lister Jaguar ran dry. Moss was disqualified. Siffert was merely penalized four laps—double the amount of time he had saved. There were mutters of disapproval from the purists.

Next, in a flicker of fate that made one wonder if Roger Penske has not been hexed, Mark Donohue got involved in another accident like the one that had cost him a victory at Daytona. While attempting to pass Pedro Rodriguez on a back straight, Donohue refused to yield and was rapped three times on the left flank. The blue Ferrari's fuel cell was damaged, and the Penske-White team lost 53 minutes in the pits repairing it. They also lost the race right there, ultimately finishing sixth. Donohue, usually all grins and goodwill, was too furious at Pedro to speak, but the talented Mexican was quite vocal. Walking down to the Penske pits, Pedro said: "Why don't you teach your drivers how to drive?" It was nearly the Mexican War all over again.

Meanwhile, Andretti and Ickx were tearing up the course in their factory Ferrari. But before the race, Mario had described his car as "delicate," and that proved to be true. By mid-afternoon the gearbox went blooey and the superteam retired—another instance of Mario's bad luck with transmissions at Sebring. Other Ferraris also met with disaster: the Peter Revson-Swede Savage car went out with a fractured shift linkage; Gregg Young flipped his 512 spectacularly on the Harpin and was dragged from the car just as it burst into flames that rivaled the sunset.

Suddenly there was Vic Elford in the lead, challenged only by the No. 33 Alfa driven by Nanni Galli and Rolf Stommelen. Nostalgia loomed again. It would be so fitting if an Italian marque could win the last Sebring. But Elford is one of the most underrated of drivers, and he could not be denied. When the flag fell, he had covered 1,352 miles at a record speed of 112.5 mph, a mark that will be retired along with the old course.

As the last of the champagne flowed in the green and white patrons' tent and the final fireworks blistered the night over the shaggy airport, the whooping of the crowd slowly died away. There was a moment of quiet. The absence of engine music—that barking, ululating sound of big sports cars changing through the gears—was poignant. The old lady had passed away, sure enough, and we still had not inherited the Ferrari. **END**

"Banadomas" are worn by Mario Andretti (left) and Andrea de Adamich, and awarded by Vic Elford, who was a trophy taker along with his co-driver, Gerard Larrousse.

JUST FORGET UCLA, THE MAN SAID

But it was a frivolous notion, for no sooner had the fans of Kansas, Western Kentucky and Villanova gloried in victory than they faced up to what was waiting at Houston—those Bruins again **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

They come at UCLA this time from the dusty pits of the Palestra and with the hot-dog spirits of "Philly ball" in their veins; from the edge of the Kansas plains where the eerie chant "Rock . . . Chalk . . . Jay . . . Hawk . . . Kkkkk . . . Uuuu" stirs the body and soothes the soul; and especially from out of nowhere, the backwoods Bluegrass country hard by a red, white and blue water tower in Bowling Green, Ky.

They come like this, Villanova, with those wonderfully obscene roll-out banners and that marvelous ski-nosed coach jabbering his double-talk for all the world like Casey Stengel. Kansas, big,

bold and brutish—a Wall Street of a team; bears and bulls—carrying as its standard a remarkable tendency for victory in the close ones and sustained, undoubtedly, by its silent prayers in the locker room before every game. And Western Kentucky, red towels waving and big MM signs churning in appreciation of Jim McDaniels and his crew of black henchmen whose time has been long in arriving but who now look like a team with perhaps the best chance of any in recent years to topple the odds and steal the laurels from Los Angeles.

Having survived brave and vigorous regional competition in Raleigh, N.C.,

Athens, Ga., and Wichita, Kans., these three will join defending champion UCLA this weekend in the Houston Astrodome for college basketball's final curtain of the 1970-71 season: the semi-final and final rounds of the NCAA championship.

The three interlopers have landed in Texas with one common denominator, the Unforeseen. And they must surely give UCLA pause for thought similar to those considerations of Sir Roderick in Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*.

*Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In former worthy of their steel.*



As time ran out, Sidney Wicks sank the second of four free throws and insured another trip—UCLA's fifth in a row—to the NCAA finals.

UCLA, of course, comes to the Astrodome by no surprise. The Bruins are always there at the end, which is where they belong under the now-legendary tutelage of Coach John Wooden. They proved worthy of their steel long before the West Regional in Salt Lake City by going undefeated in the Pacific Eight Conference which—let it finally be said and done with—is the strongest college league in the land, and by twice beating highly acclaimed USC. Getting to Utah, then, was most of the battle, and once there, so the feeling went, the Bruins would be on a picnic.

Brigham Young and Long Beach State had other designs. The Cougars, UCLA's opponent Thursday night, were in friendly WAC country and they had their Yugoslavian Secret Weapon, 6' 11" Kresimir Cosic—he of the 30-foot sets and behind-the-back dribbles—going for them. But though Cosic finished with 18 points and 23 rebounds and produced some bruiliant drives down the middle that belied one writer's nickname for him—The Pumas' Pleasant Pivoteer—Brigham Young drove back to Provo a 91-73 loser. UCLA was never really threatened.

In the other half of the draw, Long Beach fell behind Pacific by 13 points at halftime, a surprising development only because the Tigers looked slow enough to lose a kindergarten beanbag relay and Long Beach elected to stand around with them and fight dullness with apathy. After intermission, the 49ers' 1-3-1 trap zone opened the game up and Long Beach outscored Pacific by 26 to win 78-65.

It was left to Saturday afternoon for Jerry Tarkanian's team to show its true colors. Defense is Long Beach's game, and it gave UCLA all the defense it wanted as the Bruins barely escaped from a shocking 29% shooting afternoon to win 57-55. UCLA managed only eight field goals in the first half and, with 17 minutes left in the game, Henry Bibby threw up his second air ball. Sidney Wicks committed his fourth foul and shortly left. The defending champions, soon 11 points behind, looked dead and, Wooden said later, "I thought about leaving early for Houston with my wife



Dave Robison of Kansas had to rise over Drake's smaller men to keep his team alive.

and enjoying the coaches' convention."

Amid his moments of doubt, however, he replaced Guard Terry Schofield with 6' 6½" John Ecker. Now, with four big men and Bibby in the lineup, UCLA scored nine straight points to get back in the contest. Wicks then reentered the game and helped put his club into a tie at 53 with 5:04 left. Finally, with 25 seconds to go, Wicks was fouled. He made both free throws and, on a rebound 13 seconds later, he was fouled once more. Irrepressible Sidney, now smiling with confidence, made both of those free throws, too, and UCLA had a 57-53 lead and another trip to the finals.

"We did everything we had to do," said Tarkanian afterward. "We stopped their inside game, we shut 'em off outside, we kept our hands in their faces. We stayed close. We scored as much as we gave 'em. We did everything we wanted to do to win."

Except it was UCLA that won. Which is now a problem for Kansas, not that the Jayhawks are worried. Even before they won their two squeakers at Wichita, beating Houston 78-77 and Drake 73-71 for the championship of the Midwest, a Kansas partisan told a TV announcer, "Forget UCLA. Forget everybody. We're the best team."

continued



Clarence Glover rose to be Western's big man.

If they are, they have a scary way of showing their superiority, for Kansas won seven games by five or fewer points in its 25-1 regular season. The Jayhawks had become so used to close calls, in fact, that Coach Ted Owens' guitar-playing wife Nana could joke when 85-mile-per-hour winds buffeted the Owens' 26th floor suite in downtown Wichita. Just before making a fast break for the elevators Nana told her husband, "This place doesn't have vibrating beds, it has vibrating rooms." Owens could have used some similar haste that night while his team blew a 10-point lead to Houston in the second half. "We'll win now, I promise you," Houston Coach Guy Lewis told his Cougars when they began the half-court press that bothered Kansas. It was a bum promise, for Dave Robisch calmly hit seven of eight free throws in the last two minutes and Bud Stallworth scored 20 second-half points.

Drake reached the final against Kansas by upsetting Notre Dame 79-72 in overtime as Bobby Jones volunteered to keep within whispering distance of Austin Carr and then held him to 26 points. "Against Notre Dame we walked the ball up the court. Against Kansas we may crawl it," said Drake Coach Maury John. "And no, Jones hasn't volunteered to guard Robisch."

Nobody else did, either, for after Drake's quickness got the Dogs a 31-19 lead in the first half and command of the championship game, Robisch, with 27 points, and Roger Brown, both 6' 10", asserted themselves. Robisch finally put the Jayhawks ahead to stay 64-61 on a three-point play with five minutes to go, and Kansas held on. Later, John called it "a wrestling match" and predicted that Kansas "might play UCLA close."

"That's the game I've been waiting for all year," said Robisch. "They've got great strength up front, and so do we. Now we're just going to go at it."

Also having at it when UCLA and Kansas meet under the Houston Dome will be the two finest cheerleading squads in America, as voted co-number ones by the International Cheerleading Foundation. Kansas does its thing to songs by Chicago, and as a show of its mod mood, UCLA hoo-galooes to *Jesus Christ, Superstar*. The question is, have the judges seen the honeyeats of Western Kentucky, who fea-

ture the Big Red Spin, the Big Red Wrap-around and the Big Red Torch?

The mean reds were in abundance last week in Athens where Western's surprising Hilltoppers won the Mideast Regional. It has been the norm the last few years for the Mideast to have the strongest and best-balanced tournament, and this year was no exception as all four teams achieved Top Ten status. Most of the rooters were from Kentucky, there to watch the pride of the Commonwealth, Adolph Rupp's Kentucky Wildcats, take on their neighbors from Western in a contest that had been talked about since before Colonel Sanders joined OCS. The Colonel himself was a no-show, but Governor Louie Nunn made it. He was resplendent in blue jacket ("for Kentucky"), red shirt ("for Western") and white tie ("I come in peace").

From the start it was obvious that Kentucky, lacking guards who could get the ball past midcourt, was not ready for the quickness and speed of Western. The Hilltoppers pressed like wild men. Jim McDaniels scored seven of WKU's first 16 points. Tom Payne, Kentucky's 7' 2" Great Black Hope, was hit with a technical for grabbing the rim and then was struck by the thought that Clarence (Big C) Glover, six inches shorter, had actually gone high enough for a defensive block of Payne's own hook shot. Western ran it to 24-12, to 51-38 at the half and to a ludicrous 70-47 before McDaniels signaled "No. 1" to the crowd with 13 minutes left.

Western's 107-83 romp was only the second surprise of this rainy night in Georgia, since it followed Ohio State's startling 60-59 victory over previously unbeaten Marquette. Warrior Coach Al McGuire may have caused his own demise in the first half when, leading by 13 points with nine minutes left, he had his team switch to a zone from the helter-skelter press that had served it so well. The move was designed to protect his injured forwards, Bob Lackey and Gary Brill, but it changed the game totally. The Buckeyes—a fine, disciplined group of sophomores led by senior Captain Jim Clemons—got back quickly, trailed by four at halftime and, most importantly, got Dean Meminger into early second-half foul trouble.

With 5:03 left in the game and Marquette up by five, Meminger crashed into Clemons for his disqualifying foul, smashed his fist into his hand and spent

the waning moments on the bench holding back his coach from charging the referees. Without the Dream, the Warriors played as though in a nightmare, and then they died.

Ohio State looked to be pulling another upset in the final when it coolly marched ahead of Western Kentucky by 38-24. McDaniels and Glover got the Hilltoppers moving late in the first half, however, and with Clemons sitting out 12 minutes with fouls Western got back nearly even with 3-24 to go. After some horrendous mistakes by both sides, Big C Glover saved the day for Western in overtime, 81-78.

"I'm not responsible for anything Clarence does," said Western Coach Johnny Oldham. What the handsome C did was take 17 and 22 rebounds in the two games (McDaniels scored 35 and 31 points) and become the leading candidate for Ladies' Man honors in Houston. Besides being in *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges* on the strength of his academics, Glover recognizes his other distinction. "When I got married," he says, "home attendance dropped 500. Just leave the G off my name and you are spelling it correctly."

Meanwhile, it is a wonder that Jack

Kraft, the coach of the Villanova team that Western Kentucky will meet in the semifinals, can coach at all. Philadelphia writers have been listening to him and loving him for years for interviews like this one concerning his Wildcats. Ready?

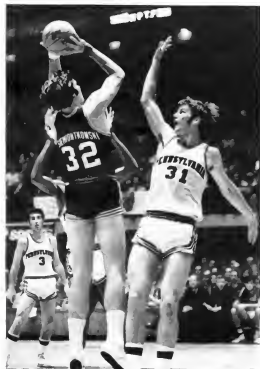
"This is probably, to the starting five, this is probably the best starting five that I have had as far as five guys are concerned. I've had maybe a better starting four, but I never had the fifth man. Every once in a while they go off on individual tandems where they bring their own individual talents into effect. Sometimes it's the right time and other times it's a little wrong time. Once they get it down to 100%, why then they'll be a real fine team."

Villanova put on quite a show in Raleigh, first eliminating the Firehouse Five of Fordham 85-75 by lobbing passes over the Rams' full-court press. Then the Wildcats positively slew those undefeated Tartars of the Ivy League, Penn, by 90-47. Flashy Chris Ford, not having to dodge the wieners that are thrown at him in Philly, could concentrate on waving his arms after baskets and kissing his teammates. Howard Porter, who scored 60 points in the two games, was bounding around the backboards, proving Kraft's description of his team: "We're in physical shape."

Earlier Penn had outlasted South Carolina 79-64 by hitting 19 straight free throws in the second half, but Quaker Guard Dave Wohl's description of his team's play was prophetic. "We are basically dull, methodical, efficient, mechanical," he said.

Penn had beaten the Wildcats by eight points earlier in the season and had not lost to them in three straight games, but against the aroused Wildcats at Raleigh the Quakers had no chance. Even as their unbeaten season crumbled at their feet, they stayed methodical and emotionless. Robots die easily.

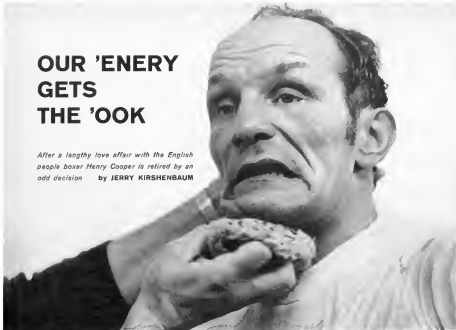
Brewster McCloud, the dazzling creature of Robert Altman's fantasy film and the last man to achieve incredible things in the Astrodome, left his fallout shelter far up in the rafters because he thought he could fly. He could and did—just after John Phillips sang on the soundtrack *The Last of the Unnatural Acts*—but not for long. UCLA can be beaten, too—by Villanova, or Kansas or Western Kentucky—but not for long. In NCAA basketball, beating UCLA is the only unnatural act. **END**



Nothing the stunned Quakers tried could stop Hank Szembrowski or the clawing 'Cats.

OUR 'ENERY GETS THE 'OOK

After a lengthy love affair with the English people boxer Henry Cooper is retired by an odd decision by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



Henry Cooper dominated British boxing for a dozen years, although that alone scarcely explains his claim on his countrymen's affections. Athlete-of-the-year laurels are lavished on him without a thought for Tony Jacklin, the Queen talks boxing with him over lunch at Buckingham Palace and workmen pay heed when he urges them through lucrative endorsements to drive Austin-Morris motorcars or make their nightly pints of better Tavern Keg. It happens that Cooper himself wheels about in a Mercedes and prefers Beaujolais to beer, but his admirers gladly overlook such lapses in product loyalty. It is enough that Our 'Enery, as they call him, is getting on in the world.

Cooper embodies those virtues that Englishmen consider peculiarly their own, which means he is modest to a fault, perennially chipper and fairly brimming with love of family and country. "The mums like me," Cooper says, offering his own explanation of the phenomenon. "I don't put on airs and graces." Almost inevitably, Cooper has be-

come a television personality, starring on a weekly sports quiz show over BBC. His marvelous battle-hardened face seems ashen even in full color, yet there Cooper was on last week's program, peering into the camera through sunken eyes and neatly tossing off the right answer—Floyd Patterson—when asked which Olympic middleweight gold medalist went on to become world heavyweight champion.

The next evening Cooper faced a far tougher question: Could this durable heavyweight, now 36 and past his prime—a prime barren of the world title he coveted—hang onto his British, Commonwealth and European championships a little while longer? The answer came in a tense 15-rounder at Wembley's Empire Pool, where Cooper took on a one-time Hungarian who had babydoll features but the suitably villainous name of Joe Bugner. The muscular Bugner had the advantage of nearly 16 years and 23 pounds, and if the drama was not quite of Frazer-Alì dimensions, it did have its own passion, much of it

erupting when Referee Harry Gibbs, the sole judge, hoisted Bugner's hand in victory—he gave it to Bugner by just a quarter of a point, 73½-73¼—and then wisely made for safety behind a phalanx of uniformed police.

Styled by eager promoters as England's answer to George Foreman, more for his Adonis-like presence than for anything he has done inside the ropes, the brier-haired Bugner said bravely: "I thought I done enough to win." Most of the sellout crowd of 10,450 who cheered Cooper on with dirgeful chants of 'Enery, 'Enery would have queued up to argue otherwise, and that applies to 37,000 others who looked in from a dozen closed-circuit locations.

"Did Henry Cooper win or was he robbed?" London's *Evening Standard* wryly asked, summing up general bewilderment over Cooper's first loss to a Britisher in nearly 14 years and first to anybody since Patterson knocked him out in 1966. Cooper also questioned the decision, then reached one of his own. In his sweltering dressing room he told

sympathizers. "Well, that's it, gentlemen. That's me last light."

What made Cooper's retirement in defeat all the more poignant was that many of his partisans, anxious to spare him just such a fate, had been urging him to quit for months. Their concern was that he might have lost something in his once-feared left hook, a weapon known far and wide as "Erney's 'ammer," this presumably being more lyrical than simply "Erney's 'look." It was Cooper's left hook that briefly floored Cassius Clay in 1963, a feat that three years later, after Clay had become both champion and Muhammad Ali, earned Cooper his only world title shot. As in their first meeting, Cooper was stopped on cuts.

Forced, like England herself, to scale down any lingering ambitions of world power, Cooper withdrew into his own insular reality, contenting himself with beating back all British and European challengers. As he purposefully prepared for the inexperienced Bugner at a gym next door to The Noble Art, an early Victorian pub in North London, the superbly conditioned Cooper had no reason to believe it would be any different this time, and he enjoyed support in the corner betting shop across the street,

where wise men with grim faces said it was Cooper at 2 to 5.

If Cooper had any cause for worry, it was Bugner's sharp left jab, this because of Erney's tendency to bleed. His eyes are encrusted with scar tissue and he was rinsing his face three times daily with a solution that Jim Wicks, his 76-year-old manager, claimed to have brewed from exotic herbs. One London dermatologist dismissed the solution as "literal and metaphorical eyewash," but Wicks insisted, "I got the recipe from an old sailor. Sometimes you have to listen to old people."

Another reminder of Cooper's vulnerability to cuts came when he suffered a nick under his left eye in training. Interviewed on TV, he mischievously pointed to his right eye as the troublesome one, a ruse that later drew a sharp reaction from Bugner's manager, a diminutive Scotsman named Andy Smith. "They must think we're from the country," said Smith, a curious complaint since he and Bugner are from the country—specifically, from rural Huntingdonshire, where 7-year-old Josef Bugner settled with his family following the 1956 Hungarian uprising. Joe became an English schoolboy discus champion, and soon after his 15th birthday he walked into Smith's gym in the cattle-marketing town of St. Ives.

"He wanted to learn," recalls Smith. "He's the most disciplined boy I've ever seen." Indeed, during his three-year professional career Bugner has sometimes seemed too disciplined—a cautious, hands-high boxer programmed by Smith to do little more than jab. Considering his heroic stature, 6' 4" and 212 pounds, that style has struck detractors—he has heard catcalls at almost every fight—as a lamentable waste of brawn.

Among those who nonetheless harbored high hopes for Bugner was Promoter Harry Levene, who, along with Britain's closed-circuit impresario Jarvis Astaré, visited the challenger's gym one afternoon amid rows of look-alike houses on Lavender Hill in southwest London. Levene was paying Bugner about \$48,000, compared with \$120,000 for Cooper, but he and Astaré, reckoning that Bugner had his long-term value, were thinking on a scale that would have interested the Lavender Hill Mob itself.

"If Joe Bugner succeeds, we succeed," said Astaré. But his exuberance—he offered Bugner a \$600,000 closed-circuit

deal as an inducement to beat Cooper—was tempered by a warning to Joe: "Of course, if you beat a folk hero, you won't be too popular."

The match-up, then, was not just between youth and age, not merely a battle of left hands—Erney's 'ammer and Joe's jab—but also emotional loyalty against pounds-and-pence realism. If it all ended in dispute, the fault rested with deviations from the two prepared scripts. Cooper landed an occasional left hook, but his steely young rival never reacted. Bugner's jabbing, meanwhile quickly opened cuts around Cooper's eyes, but there was not sufficient bloodshed for the usual cries of "stop the fight," not even from those squeamish souls with a quid or two on Bugner.

No doubt Cooper was disappointed by his failure to destroy Bugner early, but instead of acting his age, he rallied amazingly, dominating the 11th through the 14th rounds with busy body punching and well-calculated swipes from outside. Bugner finally came to life again with an outburst in the 15th round that could almost, but not quite, be termed two-fisted.

That last round made the difference, for it turned out that the hardhearted Mr. Gibbs had the fight scored dead-even at the end of the 14th. After Gibbs raised Bugner's hand in victory and quickly retreated, a barrage of rolled-up programs, orange squash cartons and newly decimalized coin of the realm rained down on the ring leaving the new champion virtually alone, blowing kisses to the booing crowd.

Even allowing for sentiment, the verdict was questionable, one question being why the birthplace of parliamentary government entrusts such matters as a boxing decision to one arbiter. Another is whether the raw but willing Bugner, once he lives down his thankless victory, can ever live up to tomorrow's great expectations. In Henry Cooper, Bugner has a difficult act to follow. The Queen has already awarded Cooper the Order of the British Empire, and there was nothing in last week's defeat to alter a prediction that Wicks made one afternoon following a Cooper workout at the gym next to The Noble Art. "You know," Wicks said as he prepared to go home, perhaps to brew up another batch of eyewash, "I wouldn't be surprised if they make him Sir 'Erney Cooper one of these days."

END



Handsome Joe was cast as the villain.


DON'T TELL THE GIRLS HOW PRETTY THEY ARE

America's girl gymnasts are sick and tired of being told they're beautiful. Really. Until recently the line at international matches went, "Darling, you had the loveliest team—even if your scores were terrible." Now, U.S. girls are capable of winning medals as well as compliments. Among those most responsible are the five gymnasts pictured on the accompanying pages, each of whom excels in all four women's events. They perform atop a 4-inch-wide wooden balance beam and on uneven parallel bars, vault over a side horse and execute a form of balletic tumbling set to music known as free exercise. Their maneuvers combine grace with daredevilry and, now that judges give more credit for difficult routines without unduly penalizing mishaps, the U.S. might win its first Olympic medal in women's gymnastics next year at Munich.

Cathy Rigby, 16, of Long Beach, Calif., is on the beam in more ways than one, as she does a rollover, a handstand and a split.

Photographs by Phillip Leonian



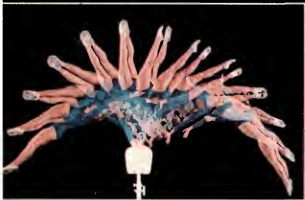


Roxanne Pierce, 16, of Kensington, Md., sits gaily atop uneven parallel bars, in which she tied for second in the U.S.S.R.-U.S. meet.

Joan Moore, 16, of Philadelphia (right) executes two back handsprings, or flip-flops, as part of her free exercise routine.

Kim Chees, 14, of Riviera Beach, Fla., does a castaway-swan-castaway to a body whip, then somersaults and catches the lower bar.





'Give me a brr, bmm, bmm, brr, bmm, bmm'

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

"I'm an outcast," says Herb Vogel (*right*) of Southern Illinois University, one of the few men who coach girl gymnasts. "When I travel with the team I drink alone. A few years ago at the Elks Club here in Carbondale I heard somebody play a real nice piano. It was a guy. Right away I thought, 'Just what I need—somebody who can provide live music for the girls' free-ex routines.' I also thought, 'Here's somebody I can drink with on trips.'"

For the most part, Vogel drives *other* girls' gymnastic coaches to drink. They find him too irascible, too suave—and almost unbeatable. This state of affairs will undoubtedly prevail at Cedar Rapids, Iowa in May, where Southern Illinois is favored to win its fifth AAU championship.

Vogel says that he has been in gymnastics as either a participant or a coach for 35 of his 40 years. Most notably, he competed for Indiana (1949-53), and from 1956 to 1963 he coached the Acrolympian Club of Flint, Mich., which was unbeaten in 64 matches. In 1963 he came to SIU—known chiefly to the outside world for Professor Buckminster Fuller; its nickname, the Salukis; its prolific university press and as being the alma mater of Walt Frazier, a nongraduate—to form the university's first girls' gymnastic team. Almost everyone in Carbondale was convinced it would be a farce. But after the first match there were only three complaints, all of which Vogel took care of. He dyed the girls' "too revealing" white leotards maroon, banned gum chewing and curbed his habit of swatting his gymnasts on the fanny.

As in Flint, his SIU girls have been winners, taking their first 55 matches—eight for AAU and collegiate titles—be-

fore losing to Centenary (La.) College in 1968. Thus Vogel went through 119 meets and 12 years without a loss. Since then SIU has dropped three more dual matches and, in 1968, its first championship—by four-tenths of a point to Springfield (Mass.) College.

Nonetheless, Vogel has detractors who claim that he doesn't produce enough world-class gymnasts. "They're right," he says. "To a certain extent. Girls learn best between 9 and 14. I don't get them that young. I get a few near that age, kids who move here to finish high school and get my coaching. But mostly I get them in college and have to correct mistakes they've made for years. That doesn't leave much time to teach new stuff, so you polish them as best you can. But my girls haven't done badly."

Understatement. Twenty-three of his girls have competed in international meets, five in the Olympics, seven in the Pan-American Games. All-America teams for girl gymnasts were first picked in 1966; since then 18 Salukis have made them, most more than once. Seven of last year's 10 All-Americans were from SIU.

"I could get more girls on international teams, but it's not the thing for everyone," says Vogel. "Some coaches don't agree with me on this. But we work on a team philosophy here, and our team is Southern Illinois. If a girl wants extra work to try for an international trip, I'll help. That means training almost year-round—only four, five weeks off all year. You can't ask them to give up social life, outside activities, families, just because you want them on a team. Life is for living. A really good girl I had quit a couple of years ago because of politics in the sport. She knew some girls made teams because somebody owed somebody else a favor. It got so bad once that they were talking about putting a girl on a team because of her looks. We have to keep in mind that we're no better than our selfish motives."

"If I have any virtues as a coach, it's that I've been around so long and have



tried so much. And I'm creative. But Muriel and Dale [former Olympians Muriel Grossfeld and Dale Flansburg] can teach more style, more technique. They can show it because they're women and were good gymnasts. As you may have noticed, I'm not a woman so it's hard for me to show things to my girls."

"He doesn't have to show us," says Claudia Coder, an SIU freshman from Cleveland. "He tells us how to do things, and we know what he means. I'm here because of him. If I hadn't been accepted here, I would have given up the sport. This is the only program in the country I feel is worthwhile. There's less

continued

Terry Spencer, 19, of Southern Illinois, performs the half-on, half-off vault (inset) as well as any girl in the world.

antagonism with him than with a woman coach. And I have more confidence in him as a spotter. With a woman coach, I was scared to try new stuff, scared she'd miss me when she was spotting. When he's there, I'm not afraid."

Herb Vogel looks out for his gymnasts. One time this strapping young man sauntered over to the car in which Vogel was about to transport his girls to a match and started coming on pretty heavy. Vogel, who is 5' 6" and 136 pounds, reached out the window, grabbed the guy's belt and tapped the gas pedal. Vogel's girls swear the fellow came close to running the first 9-second 100.

Alyce, Vogel's wife, has faith in him, too, which explains how he got away with a characteristic bit of clowning he used to indulge in when leaving for a match. Vogel would sit in his car—a convertible with the top down—in front of his house, his arm around one of his gymnasts. He would then wave to Alyce and slowly drive off. His shocked neighbors would say to Alyce, "You mean you let him carry on like that?" To which Alyce would reply, "Sure. I was a gymnast once and had a man coach, so I know it's important to have a good working relationship."

To understand Vogel is to appreciate that he has a peculiar—some might say immature—behavior pattern that is lost on some people but wins over most. Alyce saw him win over a small town in Germany—Reichenbach (pop. 800). Vogel was in the Army then and lived off-post with Alyce, whom it took him 12 years to win over. When Vogel wasn't putting on gymnastic exhibitions, he was carrying HER LOVES ALYCE on tree trunks in the Black Forest or taking his bride sledding by moonlight. "Don't let *wunderbar*!" sighed the local residents, presumably in unison. Vogel proved he could lift his stem all night, too. In fact, the burghers of Reichenbach were so captivated by him they saw to it that the Vogels had—all to themselves—one of the town's two bathubs.

Recently Vogel was preparing for the AAUs; the Salukas won't be defending their collegiate title next month because it was ruled that some of the girls got improper financial aid, and although SIU officials didn't necessarily agree, they decided to declare the team ineligible. The other afternoon he was watching the free-exercise routine of Sue Werling, a high school senior, and shaking his head.

When she botched up the ending, his head was going like a wet spaniel's. "Susie, Susie, Susie," he said sadly. He dropped to his knees so he was at her eye level. The softness left his voice.

"Sue, you belong in a sack. Leave. Go jump in bed and stay there." Crushed, Sue struggled to her feet and slumped on a nearby bench. It was what Vogel calls "dew time."

"A little hate goes a long way," Vogel says, as though he really expected one to believe he was a Vince Lombardi. He knows better, knows he communicates with his girls, is aware that they are aware of his impishness is never more than 1/32" below his crust. His girls learn to study his face for the first signs of his comforting grin. Another barometer is his eyebrows, particularly the right. When it goes up, fair weather's ahead.

Coaching psychology intrigues Vogel. He works at the art of scolding and praising. How much? When? Whom? Ten girls. Ten personalities. Ten styles. Ten capabilities. His gymnasts range in age from Karen Smith, 21, an SIU senior, to 16-year-old Sarah Rosca, a high school junior. There are good days and bad days for each girl, but Vogel must always have good ones. His girls rely on him.

Vogel has made each one weep at least once. The girls accept tears as part of the price for taking part in such an excruciatingly subjective sport. Judges scrutinize their every move and its components: rhythm, continuity, fluidity, grace, difficulty, range of skills. Perfection is so elusive that hundreds of hours of training may only bring one's score up from 8.6 to 9.0 (out of a possible 10).

U.S. women never did much at international gymnastics meets until the 1968 Olympics when Linda Metheny of the University of Illinois reached the finals on the balance beam, and last year Cathy Rigby became the first U.S. girl ever to win a medal in international competition, finishing second on the beam at the world championships in Yugoslavia.

Vogel predicts that U.S. girl gymnasts will win their first Olympic medals next year. "We have girls trying stuff never done before in competition," he said the other day at a practice session at the SIU arena. The girls drill on a balcony along with the judo, wrestling, track and men's gymnastic teams. "Some have practiced new tricks for two years, and now they're ready to use them. Even if they get to international matches and don't hit on the

new stuff, it should have a bombshell effect. One of the best things to happen is that judges now give more credit for harder routines and don't penalize so much when a girl messes up. That gets you away from strictly stock moves and opens the sport to more creativity."

"Terry Spencer [the best SIU gymnast] is the first to do two flip-flops to the yogi [two back handsprings and a handstand with an extreme back arch] on the beam," Vogel said proudly. "And she's the first on the bars with a sole-circle underswing and release to a back double flyaway over the low bar."

"U.S. sports fans have never fully appreciated athletic grace. They've always been more impressed by power, speed and winning. But if gymnastics is ever to gain popularity, now is the time, for if the new tricks don't dazzle them, nothing will."

"Right now, with Metheny hurt, Cathy Rigby is the best in the U.S., and Terry's second. But Terry's got to get tough, has to believe she's really good. Rigby has a fine sense of kinesthetic awareness—and she has that pixie face. She can win on the beam, and her bar routine is better than most Europeans' because it has difficulty from start to finish and not a lot of stock stuff to help her steady herself."

"Roxanne Pierce is lean and wiry, and if any of our kids can overtake Rigby, she's it. She's flexible, strong, bouncy and not afraid to go after it in competition. Kim Chace has to face stronger opposition to bring out her potential. I see something there, that bit of fire that could make her a tough competitor. Joan Moore takes chances, leaps well, is very fluid and, like all the kids, just needs experience. Our top girls can't float anymore, can't assume they'll make the next international team because the kids are good enough to replace them."

A piano bravely tinkled amid the din in the arena: *Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head*. "Got a new piano player," said Vogel. "A girl." Turning to her, he said, "On this section you don't want to run it together. All the moves she's making out there are separate. Give me a brr, brrrr, brrrr, brrrr, brrrr, brrrr."

Vogel went over to Terry Spencer, who was lying down on the beam with her eyes closed. "That's Terry's new move," Vogel said loudly. "Snoring." When one of his girls falls, he rushes to her, extends his hand and says, "Care to

dance?" A belly-first crash into the side horse is "a navel-destroyer." When a girl slips, slides and lands on her fanny, Vogel stretches out his arms and calls, "Safe."

Vogel's sense of humor can be infectious—alas. One day the members of his team stuffed blown-up balloons under their warmup jackets to show him he had no right calling them "my flat-chested girls."

"Gymnasts are in top shape, right?" Vogel said, lighting one of the 50 cigarettes he smokes daily. "You wouldn't believe the silly injuries they get away from the gym, though. They fall off curbs, trip over their feet. We were in Germany for a match, and one girl couldn't compete because she hurt her back bending over to look in a toy-store window. But they're tough. We're boarding a plane for the collegiates, and Karen Smith shows me her thumb. Big as a grapefruit. She'd fallen over a chair. Karen knew if she'd showed me sooner I'd have left her home. But she

made the trip—and won the uneven-bar championship.

"And the girls are cool. Carolyn Ridel, one of my sophomores, was on the bars, started a swing and the whole top bar came off. She flew through the air and landed on her feet, with the bar still in her hands. Once, at an exhibition, a girl was on a beam that came loose. One end began tipping, but she stayed on, and when it touched the floor she calmly came down with it and walked off. The people didn't know gymnastics and thought it was part of the act, so they applauded.

"They don't come much cooler than Judy Willis [a five-time world trampoline champion and twice world tumbling tumbler]. When she was hurt she became the mascot for the basketball team and wore the Saluki dog outfit. One night a ref called two technicals against our team. Judy got mad, went over to the ref and did something a trifle indelicate. He called a technical on her and it cost us the game." She came to the

next game in her dog suit and diapers.

"There's a move to get rid of all male coaches for girl gymnasts," Vogel said, looking rather wildly about, as though they might be coming for him at that very instant. "It will hurt the sport if they do. There aren't enough qualified coaches, and that's a big reason why our country has progressed so slowly in gymnastics. Another reason is there's no real carry-over value to the sport. What can a gymnast do after college, join the circus?"

Indeed, it is almost impossible for U.S. gymnasts to stay in training. Who can afford to practice 1,000 or more hours a year? Gymnasts don't reach their peak until their late 20s, and by that time most potential U.S. medal winners are breadwinners or housewives.

Suddenly, Vogel whirled and glared at a girl named Margi Schilling, who was working out on the beam. "Your hand sticks out like a meat hook!" he yelled at her. "Chin up! Toe point! Be proud! Be proud!"

END

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OH, BROTHER! A PAIR TO WATCH

For such an affectionate family, the Espositoos seem headed for a rousing scrap come Stanley Cup time when Boston's Phil, a champion scorer, starts shooting at Chicago's Tony, a goalie supreme **by JACK OLSEN**

In the arena seats an attractive dark-haired lady pummeled her husband's arm in a frenzy of partisan excitement. "Come on, Phil! Come on! Come on!" On the ice below her a bulky hockey player in the uniform of the Boston Bruins executed a rink-long rush with the inexorability of a high-speed freight train. Seconds later he shot. The puck went into the net, the light flashed on over the Chicago goal and the lady's expression changed completely. "Why, that dirty rat," she said. "He scored on his brother!"

The anguished lady was Mrs. Pat Esposito of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. The player who made the goal was her No. 1 son, Phil Esposito (see cover), the highest-scoring player in NHL history. The

sprawled and (momentarily) defeated goalie was her No. 2 son, Tony, one of hockey's finest goaltenders and the holder of a few records of his own.

For Mrs. Esposito, hockey games between the Bruins and the Black Hawks have become exercises in agony. The last time her heavyset steelworking husband Pat took her to see Chicago play Boston she opted instead to sit out the game in a hotel room watching Art Carney score on Jackie Gleason.

Pat Esposito is another story. He glories in every stop made by his son Tony, every point made by his son Phil. Two years ago, after Phil scored a total of 126 points and shattered the old season record by a generous 29, Pat told re-

porters that no, he was not completely satisfied and would not be until his younger son had nailed down comparative honors in goaltending. A year later Pat Esposito had little left to carp about. His son the goaltender had racked up 15 shutouts during the season to break the old record by two: he had won the Vezina Trophy, emblematic of the best goaltending in the league, and he had been named NHL Rookie of the Year in his first full season. As for brother Phil, he had scored a mere 99 points—a sharp falloff for him though it would have been a memorable achievement for anyone else—but he did help lead the Bruins to their first Stanley Cup championship in 29 years.



PHIL FIRES the puck, and Tony flicks his flip in this Esposito confrontation won by Phil

ring Cain and Abel themselves. "Don't start talking about the Stanley Cup finals till we get in them," warns Phil, the superstitious brother, but the temptation is unavoidable. Boston has a healthy lead in the East; Chicago has an insurmountable lead in the West. So wise money has the Brothers Esposito squaring off for all the marbles once again. Last year when the two teams met in the Stanley Cup playoffs it took Boston only four games to send the Chicago team reeling out into the cold like West Madison Street winos. What happened? "I'm not Alibi Ike," says the Hawks' taciturn Tony. "But everybody was writing what a great hockey team we were, and we began believing our press clippings. We won't make that mistake this time."

Brother Phil touched his lucky turtleneck shirt, patted the medal stitched inside his thigh pads, blew a kiss in the direction of the inverted horns and the four-leaf clover over his locker, carefully unrolled a couple of crossed hockey sticks down the row and said, "My brother is my best friend and the greatest goalie in hockey, but when we get on the ice he's not my brother, he's just another goaltender we have to beat."

Bas-reliefs of both brothers stand at two approaches to their hometown. "Welcome to Sault Ste. Marie, the home of the Esposito brothers," the plaques say. Heroes to the hometowners, Tony and Phil are also heroes to each other. But their relationship is far more complex than mere hero worship. It is a curious mixture of old-country Neapolitan warmth, sibling rivalry and all-out war.

"My name is Phil," says Phil Esposito heatedly. "Don't call me bleeping Tony." Phil saw several shades of heliotrope last month when the California Golden Seals' program listed the leading NHL scorer as "Tony Esposito." "Ain't that a new high in stupidity?" Phil announced. "They've made my brother the highest-scoring goalie in hockey history."

The healthy combativeness between the brothers goes back two decades. "It began with table hockey games," Phil recalls. "I'd pull the lever and slap that steel marble all over the place, and even then Tony used to make some terrific saves." When their father refinished the

family basement into a long recreation room, the brothers strapped pads on their knees and began playing kneeling indoor hockey, slapping a rolled-up wooden sock up and down the "ice" with their hands.

"Every Canadian kid does things like that at 4 or 5," says Tony.

But not every Canadian kid takes to ice with the single-minded dedication of the Esposito brothers. "We used to get up at 4:30 or 5 in the morning," says Phil, "load Tony's goal pads and everything on the toboggan and pull it right through town to the rink so we could practice before school. Usually I did the shooting and Tony the goal-tending. It's like baseball; every kid wants to get up and take his swings, and every Canadian kid wants to shoot the puck. I was a year older, so I did the shooting. Maybe Tony didn't like it, but he didn't have much choice."

Like it or not, kid brother Tony became so proficient at blocking pucks that he found himself playing goal all over town. At 10 he was in the nets for his neighborhood team. "We were playing in a city tournament," says Phil Esposito, "and Tony let in two goals from the red line. I mean they went half the length of the ice and slid right past him. So we lost the game and we were all crying. I was the meanest guy on our team and I felt it was my place to say something, so I skated up to Tony. The tears were streaming down his face and right there in front of everybody I said, 'You blind jerk, you blind no-good s.o.b. You quit on us.' He should have punched me in the mouth, but he just cried. It wasn't long after that that my father took him to an eye doctor and it turned out he needed glasses bad."

"After he got the glasses nobody could beat him. We played in a school tournament and we won a game 2-1 and Tony made 77 saves; 77 saves! He was voted the Most Valuable Player in the tournament and I was voted the most likely to succeed. Even then we were highly competitive with each other, but we were twice as competitive with anybody that challenged either one of us. I got in many a fight for Tony and he got in many a one for me, and we had some groovy fights with each other. Once I knocked a hole right through our basement wall when we were fighting. My father never found out. We covered the hole with a picture of Jesus."

This season the Esposito Brothers' Circus is flying as high as ever. A fortnight ago Phil got Goal No. 59 to break Bobby Hull's 1969 record, and barring the total collapse of his extensive network of totems and superstitions, he will exceed his own record for total points by a goodly number. And Brother Tony is once again in the running for the Vezina, although lately there have been psychological barriers to his winning it that have nothing to do with his skill in the net. The problem is simply that the Black Hawks are so far ahead of their nearest competitors in the West Division of the league that it has become impossible for the players to get up for each game; the defense has sagged and careless goals have been whistling by.

No matter. Dramatic productions often lag in the second act. It is the third act that counts, and this year's third act in the NHL may turn out to be an original Cecil B. DeMille production adapted from the Book of Genesis and star-

John/nie/Walk/er/Red/La/bel.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7



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Tony held his own, but then the roof fell in. "Phil was in a slump, and I gave him some advice over the telephone," Tony remembers ruefully. "I told him he wasn't handling the puck enough and that he wasn't shooting enough." The next year, in the opening seconds of the first game of the Stanley Cup playoffs, Ken Hodge knocked Tony to the ice with a hard shot that caught the goaltender just behind the mark, near the temple. "Tony went down like a ton of bricks," recalls Phil, who was on the ice at the time, "and I was scared to death. I just skated around in little circles, fighting this impulse to go help my brother. I could see everybody crowding around him, and him laying there on the ice, out cold. It was awful. Then that fine gentleman Bobby Hull came down the ice and skated past me, and as he did he said, 'Don't worry, Phil, he's O.K.' He knew how close Tony and I were."

Hull and his Chicago teammates might have fared better if Tony had not been O.K. Once he was up again, Boston opened up with its siege guns and won the game 6-3. And three of the Bruin goals were scored by Phil Esposito. "He was Gangbusters that night," Tony says. "Bang. Bang. Bang. He was always in the right place at the right time. He could have scored three more goals." In the rest of the series Phil scored twice more, and Boston won in four straight.

In this year's interdivision competition between the two teams Boston has won twice and tied once at Boston, while Chicago has won twice at home. "Phil's way ahead of me this year," Tony says. "He's got four goals against me, including another hat trick. He tries to needle me in the games, he says things like, 'You're lucky. You're lucky,' but he's the best centerman there ever was. He'll score on anybody."

How will Tony stop Phil if the two finest teams in hockey collide again in the Stanley Cup? "I think I know how to do it now," Tony says, "but I hate to say. I hate to put wood on his fire. What we're gonna have to do is stop that line, and to stop that line we've got to stop Phil. That means taking a run at him once in a while, keeping him off-balance. You got to shadow him, try to get him angry. Then he gets penalties, and he can't score from the penalty box. Once he got into a fight against us and got about 17 minutes of penalty time.



PHIL JUMPS IN JUBILATION AFTER FIRING NO. 55 TO BREAK GOAL-SCORING MARK

By the time he got back on the ice we were four goals ahead."

If Chicago's strategy will be to gild the cheerful Phil Esposito into the penalty box, Boston's strategy is less specific. "Chicago has a great defense," says Phil Esposito. "Guys like Pat Stapleton, Bill White, Doug Jarrett, Keith Magnuson—they make it tough. But the toughest guy on their defense is my brother. He's the one we have to beat. I think I know how to do it. Maybe I know where he's a little weak. But I ain't saying. No, I ain't even telling my linemates how to beat him."

Don Awrey interrupts. "Well, it's not hard to figure out, right?" he says. "Tony's a spread-eagle kind of goaltender, right? And he's down on his hands and knees a lot, right? So you beat him by hitting the top corners, right?"

For a brief second Boston's devout catalyst seems perturbed. The man who brought the whole team together flares up in brief anger at his roommate. "You blank," he says. "You got your bleeping nerve. Two goals you got on him the whole season, and you're telling everybody how to beat my brother." But the half-forged anger subsides, and Phil slaps his roommate on the arm playfully, as though to show he was joking.

"I'm the only one that knows how to beat Tony consistently," he continues. "And I ain't saying."

"Suppose," he is asked, "the playoffs go down to the seventh game and Boston is facing Chicago for all the glory and all the money. Will you then reveal the secret of beating your brother?" Phil Esposito coughs. He blows his nose. He coughs again. He asks that the question be repeated. After a long pause he says, "Well, the Stanley Cup playoffs will show us. We all know that blood is thicker than water, but is blood thicker than money?"

Finally he says, "No. He's my brother. Let's hope the situation never comes up." He squirms like a man who has been asked a cruel and unreasonable question. "Let the other players find out for themselves," he says. "If anybody beats my brother, it should be me. Right? That's only fair."

There is no way that Mrs. Pat Esposito of Sault Ste. Marie could agree with any answer her older son might make to such a question. In fact, Mrs. Pat Esposito will not even be in the stands to see how the question is finally resolved. She has retired from spectating. The story of *Genesis* is a stirring one, but not when your sons are acting it out on the ice.

END



★ Utah State basketball star Jeff Tebbis was just ambling along to church in Logan, Utah when a young mother appeared in the doorway of a house screaming for help and holding an 18-month-old girl gasping for breath and rapidly turning blue. Tebbis grabbed the child, turned her upside down and patted her on the back, which straightened matters out and, according to Mrs. Dale Coburn, definitely saved the baby's life. "I just kept hoping mouth-to-mouth resuscitation would not be necessary," Tebbis said afterward. No wonder. Tebbis had broken his jaw in a recent game and doctors had wired it shut.

For dog lovers everywhere we offer this touching little scene from the Old Surrey and Burston Hunt. There are the hunters standing about the lawns of the Donald Betts country estate with **Diana Barnato Walker**, who is joint master of the affair. Along comes the butler, carrying a tray of caviar when, suddenly, the hounds jump him. Mrs. Barnato Walker watches, horrified, as the dogs gobble down every

last morsel from the tray. "Oh, dear," she exclaims. "Now they'll never eat up their fox."

If interest in the Frazier-Ali fight ran low in Washington, D.C., it was perhaps because Washington is bringing along contenders of its own. At a dinner party given by **Liesdija Thompson**, former U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, **Averell Harriman** was sharing a small settee with former Polish diplomat **Edward Weisat**. An argument blew up and Harriman, 79, threatened to break the 70-year-old Weisat's jaw. As if that weren't exciting enough, at the Gridiron Club dinner House Democratic Leader **Hale Boggs** and ex-Congressman **Edward Mitchell** got into a hoo-ha over some remarks about President Nixon that resulted in Mitchell's flattening Boggs in the men's room.

Does this bode some new springtime ritual for our nation's capital? Actually, we kind of liked the annual Cherry Blossom Festival.

◆ The Cincinnati Bengals' brass moved into new offices a while ago, and Coach **Paul Brown** figured it was time to dust off and put down a three-year-old gift, a tiger-skin rug. The rug went very nicely with the orange, black and white of Brown's of-

fice, but not at all well with conservationists around the country who heard about it. The Bengal tiger is on the endangered species list, and animal lovers don't care to see it adorning even Gina Lollobrigida, let alone Paul Brown's floor. Correspondence in protest began to fill a filing cabinet. Just when the furor was dying down, a friend sent Brown a clipping about some man-eating tigers that had been killing villagers in East Pakistan, with the suggestion that he send copies to everybody who had complained about his rug. A warmer but wiser Brown had a better idea. "Just let sleeping tigers lie."

The greatest warrior chief of the Zulus was a tall, handsome, well-built African named **Shaka**. About whom Wilbur Smith Productions is planning a film. Tall, handsome, well-built **Mahammed Ali** was approached to play the lead, but Ali said no. With reason. It's been said of Shaka that his "...despotic and tyrannical rule was marked by cruelty and bloodshed, and was ended only by Shaka's assassination by his own brother." And in a book called *Nine Great Africans*, author **Sir Rex Niven** suggests that perhaps a million people were killed by him. "That is a lot of people."

If they are really serious about landing Ali, the Wilbur Smith people ought to check another chapter of Sir Rex's book, the part where he talks about somebody called **Muhammed the Askia**. Under him, says Sir Rex, "there was a vigorous Muslim revival" in West Africa, extensive foreign trade and general prosperity. Muhammed's greatness, according to Sir Rex, "did not depend on warfare and massacre and the large-scale misery of thousands of innocents." There's a part Ali could get his teeth into. When his jaw heals.

But what's an Askia?

This week's Occupational Hazard Award (and lots of sympathy) goes to **Jack Rigby** of Wigan, England, who lost his job as the local Bingo caller when the ladies of Wigan complained about the awful suspense during the games he called. Seems that Jack had developed an annoying stutter.

Tactlessness Award of the Week (and no sympathy) goes to **George Allen**, new head coach of the Washington Redskins. Explaining his approach to rebuilding the "Skins" next season, he cited as examples the waitresses in the Rub Room of Washington's Mayflower Hotel. "I have breakfast there every morning," he said. "While the waitresses might not be the most attractive to look at, let me tell you they get the job done!" Next morning a bellhop advised Allen to stay out of Rub Room, where, he said, the girls were planning to respond to Allen's lack of diplomacy with a lemon meringue pie. Allen, who is longer on courage than good sense, went in for a meal anyway. "There was no meringue pie," he reported later, but also missing, he noted wistfully, was a lot of the warmth that had previously accompanied the efficiency. No complaints, now, George. They got the job done.





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But it costs only \$2,575* to give the impression that you can.

Volkswagen Karmann Ghia

Japan's Mr. Oh hits more homers than Big Boog

Some years ago Casey Stengel put down Japanese baseball by saying, "They're trying to play ball over there with little fingers." But last week Japan's best team, the Tokyo Yomiuri Giants, finished a six-game tour of Florida by playing American teams to a standstill, three games to three, and in Arizona Japan's second-best team, the Tokyo Lotte Orioles, had victories over the Cubs, the Angels and the Athletics. Talk was that it wouldn't be many years before Japan would be truly major league—either by being expanded into, as California and Canada have been, or by having its champion play in an international World Series. American baseball men are well aware that in 65 home games last year the Yomiuri Giants outdrew the Los Angeles Dodgers, who played 81 home games, by 809,858. The 1962 Dodgers set the American attendance record by drawing an average of 33,193 fans per game; the 1970 Yomiuri averaged 38,568. Baseball tickets in Japan cost about the same as in the U.S., and far fewer of them go unsold. It's enough to make a man think, big.

For the last 10 or 15 years Japanese players have come to U.S. training camps the way Latin American military officers visit the U.S. War College. But this spring was the first time that full Japanese teams came over to play exhibition games with American major league clubs, and the Yomiuri-Orioles game March 11 was the first meeting in this country between reigning U.S. and Japanese champions.

Baltimore won 6-4 and left no doubt

that its claim to the championship of the world was warranted, even though the Orioles were aided by an obstruction call against the Yomiuri's 5' 6" shortstop, Yukinobu Kuroe, which seemed to strike the crowd in Miami Stadium as petty. On the other hand, the Japanese got away with batting men out of turn. Estimates of how many varied, but one of them was definitely Koji Aino who had earlier pinch-hit for Kazuma Takahashi and then replaced Masahiko Mori defensively. Why the umpires can't keep these things straight is inexplicable.

Before the game the Yomiuri party, which included 31 newsmen, was awed by the phenomenon of Boog Powell, who was later described proudly by Pitcher Takahashi as not only the biggest man he had ever seen but also the biggest man he had ever struck out. "American baseball is power," observed Coach Shigeru Makino. "Japanese people is small." "Sumo," said a Japanese player, pointing to the hulking Powell.

Boog posed for the press with Sadaharu Oh, who is known as "The Babe Ruth of Japan" (Oh, when asked if he was known as the Babe Ruth of Japan in Japan, smiled as though acknowledging an excellent question and said no). Oh felt the 6' 4" Powell's biceps, then Powell's massive hand encased the 5' 10" Oh's biceps.

"He makes more money than I do," Powell said.

"Forty-seven home run," said Oh, in explanation. That was how many he hit last year—12 more than Powell.

Oh, a smooth-swinging, left-handed hitter and first baseman, is of Chinese parentage. Someone said that in Chinese Oh means "one," which is the number on his back and also his teammates' name for him. In Japanese, says publicity man Yoshio Ono, "Oh" has the same meaning as in English, so headlines on the order of "Oh You Oh" abound.

As a rookie Oh got started the way Willie Mays did—he went 0 for 35 before he got his first hit, a home run. Soon after that, at the suggestion of a coach, he began to lift up his right leg at the beginning of his swing. Mel Ott, the New York Giant Hall of Famer who hit 511 home runs, used to do the same thing. Although Oh failed to hit a homer in Florida, he impressed American observers as a first-rate power hitter, and Americans who have played in Japan say that

when Oh hits a home run it is usually of international status.

Through an interpreter Oh revealed that all but two or three of his teammates could beat him at arm wrestling and that all his power was in his legs and hips. When word of that disclosure reached Ted Williams in Pompano Beach, Williams was delighted. He spent the next few days citing Oh in support of his own long-held convictions about the importance of the hips in the swing. Oh makes more than \$100,000 a year—his older teammate, Third Baseman Shigeo Nagashima, is paid \$130,000—and he is regarded as a national hero.



OH BELTED 47 SWINGING LIKE MEL OTT

World War II was seldom mentioned during the Japanese visit. Masachiro Kaneda, who retired as a pitcher last season after winning 400 games in 20 years, is now the Giants' television announcer. One reason he turned down a pitching offer from the New York Yankees, he said, was that "it was only 10 or 11 years after the war and I was still afraid of Americans." The other reason, he added, was that he was making \$120,000 in Japan at the time and didn't want to take a cut.

One of the only other mentions of the war came when Cappy Harada, a second-generation Japanese-American who scouts Japanese players for the San Francisco Giants, was discussing the history of the game in Japan. At present there is an agreement between Japanese and American baseball that one country will not try to sign the other's owned players or free-agent prospects without clearance from the respective commissioner's offices. In 1963, the year after Horace Stoneham first retained him to seek out Japanese prospects, Harada signed Masanori Murakami, who remains the only Japanese ever to play in the majors in the U.S. Murakami was 5-11 in relief over two seasons with the Giants, but Harada says that a great deal of pressure was mounted in Japan to get him back. In 1966 Murakami returned home, but he had become so used to his light pitching duties in the U.S. that he was overwhelmed by the need to pitch every other day, either as a starter or in relief, as Japanese does generally do. He pitched badly and was sent down to a farm team for a while. The Yomiuri Giants were quick to say that Murakami did not represent the best of Japan. Pitcher-turned-announcer Kaneda was quoted as saying "Murakami—Pa."

Harada said Japanese baseball began when missionaries with Commodore Perry introduced the game in the 19th century. Soon after, a college league was organized and its teams represented the country against visiting Americans until 1934, when Matsutaro Shoriki, publisher of the Tokyo newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun*, asked the American Lefty O'Doul how the Japanese game could be improved. By the formation of a professional league, was O'Doul's answer, and Shoriki, whose son Toru now owns the Yomiuri Giants, set about accomplishing that.

During the war the league was disbanded, but after the surrender General Douglas MacArthur got the game going again. Lefty O'Doul brought his San Francisco Seals to Japan in 1949 and in 11 games drew 400,000. It was at those games that MacArthur let the Japanese and American flags fly side by side for the first time during the occupation. "It was very touching," says Harada.

This spring's visit by the Japanese teams was in the same spirit. The language barrier was great—Oh, Nagashima and Kaneda had smatterings of English, but about all the others seemed to know was "nice ball," a term they used to refer to what Americans call a "good pitch." But there was a certain generally appreciated conviviality, with the Americans struggling to pronounce "Suetsugu" and the Japanese to pronounce "Sudakis."

The Japanese game did not look exactly different from the American. One newsman who had heard that Bob Nieman, the former American League outfielder, had once caused a scandal in Japan by throwing his team's ceremonial teapot onto the field after striking out was disappointed to find that the Giants brought no such teapot with them. Dodger owner Walter O'Malley said, "We spoiled another custom of theirs. When an umpire called a player out it used to be that the player would bow his head respectfully. Now they're inclined to snarl."

Gordon Windhorn, who played six years in Japan, reported that the Japanese game has progressed—or retrogressed—even farther than that. "When I was there," he said, "a coach knocked down an umpire and wasn't even thrown out of the game. But it is hard to swear at the umpires, there is no profanity in Japanese. The worst name you can call an ump is 'baka.' That means 'stupid.' You can say 'baka baka baka' or you can call him dumb 'hyakusho,' which means 'manure farmer.' Once I turned around to a plate umpire and took off his hat and spit in it and put it back on his head. He took a swing at me. But it's hard, because you can't talk to them."

The Japanese-American games in Florida and Arizona were played in a peaceful spirit and there were unmistakable, if somewhat inscrutable, episodes of goodwill. At Vero Beach one afternoon six Japanese newsmen sur-



VETERAN NAGASHIMA MAKES \$120,000

rounded Richie Allen as he watched Nagashima in one of the batting cages.

"Short step," said Allen appreciatively. "Good stroke."

"Thank you," said one of the newsmen.

Nagashima came from the cage. "You got a good stroke," said Allen. "Hands back here, don't move."

"Too much?" asked Nagashima.

"No, good. Good. Hands back here, like a gun, steady. Then *bang*."

Allen demonstrated again. "Hands back. *Tsuhoo Bown*."

"Ooh," said Nagashima, smiling.

"Hit .312," said the newsmen.

After the Dodgers eked out a victory over Yomiuri a reporter asked Walter Alston a question in Japanese that caused all his colleagues and the interpreter to break out laughing.

"This man is funny," the interpreter explained to Alston. "I hope you understand. He wants to know... were you really... serious?"

Alston has dealt with the press before. "Tell him I always try to win until the last man is out. And you win some, you lose some."

The interpreter translated Alston's remarks, and the Japanese newsmen, including the funny one, nodded dutifully and took notes.

END

America first, B.U. foremost

It was an NCAA championship of surprises as Yankees outnumbered Canadians on the ice and old Frustration U. grabbed the title

If Tom Johnson feels the Boston Bruins need a little serious competition before the Stanley Cup playoffs begin, all he has to do is phone Jack Kelley at 353-2740 and schedule a scrimmage against the Boston University Terriers. Last weekend in Syracuse, N.Y., Kelley's B.U. team played perfect positional hockey for two games—something a few of the NHL's expansion clubs never have done—and easily won the NCAA championship, beating Denver 4-2 and the University of Minnesota by the same score. Maybe the Terriers would not be able to match the Bruins, but loan them Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito and they would be tough against the California Seals.

B.U.'s victory, like the tournament, was a breakthrough for the American hockey player. B.U. skated nine American boys, at least three more than any NCAA champion in the last 20 years. Altogether, Americans on the ice outnumbered Canadians 53 to 29, and no one could recall the last time that happened. Minnesota had a full roster of Americans, Harvard carried 17 Americans and only two Canadians, and even Denver, usually a Canadian stronghold, had six American players.

"Murray Armstrong [the Denver coach] didn't know where Minnesota was, I don't think, until he saw how good some of our homegrown boys can play these days," says Glen Sonmor, the Minnesota coach. "I'm not crying, but Armstrong has two of last year's best Minnesota kids on his team right now."

Geography aside, what the championship really meant was an end to nine years of frustration for Jack Kelley. When he left Colby in the Maine woods to return to his alma mater as head hockey coach in 1962, Jack practically had to sneak into town. Everyone knew all the others around Commonwealth Avenue: John (Snooks) Kelley, the hockey coach up the street at Boston Col-

lege; John (The Elder) Kelley and John (The Younger) Kelley, the marathon runners; and the Johnny Kelly who used to drink breakfast at the Dugout Cafe across the street from the B.U. chapel. But no one knew Jack Kelley, the new B.U. hockey coach.

Jack worked overtime trying to revive B.U.'s hockey program. He organized The Friends of B.U. Hockey—an alumni group—and the Friends started to contribute to a special fund. All perfectly legal. "We'd get a lot of contributions just about the time people were working on their income taxes," Jack says.

Two years later Kelley had the No. 1 team in the East. Rather than compete with Snooks Kelley for the best local talent, Jack recruited heavily in Canada. "That was the best way in those days," he says. Jack's top players generally have been Canadian-born, but he has produced three genuine All-Americans—that is, American-born All-Americans.

From 1965 through 1970 Kelley's B.U. teams always ranked between No. 1 and No. 4 in the final Eastern standings. However, except for 1967, those same teams never advanced past the semifinal rounds of the Eastern playoffs that determined the NCAA tournament representatives. Instead, they usually won the consolation games for third place. "We are 5-1 in those consolation games," Kelley says. "I think that really shows something about my boys. They had to have a lot of pride to win games that didn't mean much."

In 1967 B.U. did survive the semifinals but lost to Cornell in the Eastern finals. And then it faced Cornell in the finals of the national championships and lost again. "I know what the people were thinking," Kelley says.

This year, despite some unusual hardships, B.U. finished the regular season with a record of 24 wins, one loss (at Cornell) and one tie (at Harvard), and had

the No. 1 ranking in the country. "If it weren't for Harvard, though," Kelley says, "we certainly wouldn't have won any 24 games."

B.U.'s own new rink was supposed to be ready last fall, but construction problems have delayed the opening until at least next fall. "Harvard made its facilities available to us," Kelley says. "Our kids would dress in the gym at B.U., then ride in an old unheated panel truck up the street to the Harvard rink. But they never complained."

Actually the B.U. players liked it. "Harvard has the best ice around," says Steve Stirling, the B.U. captain. "You don't complain when you skate on the best ice."

In the first round of the Eastern playoffs, B.U. routed Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute 11-0. But in the semifinals the jinx struck again when Harvard upset the Terriers 4-2 before 15,000 in the Boston Garden. When Harvard later surprised No. 2 Clarkson in the finals, it seemed certain that B.U.—which, naturally, had won the consolation game against Cornell—would be a spectator again come NCAA time.

"I thought it was over, so did the other guys," Stirling says. "We were at our usual postgame hangout and I went around thanking everybody for playing as hard as they did and wishing the sophomores well. Then the news came."

The Eastern champion and the runner-up had been invited to the NCAA since the start of the regional playoff format in 1962, but this time the selection committee exercised an unusual option. It considered B.U.'s 24-1-1 regular-season record and sent the Terriers, instead of Clarkson, to the championships. "For once in our lives we were lucky," Jack Kelley says.

There was nothing lucky about B.U.'s victories at Syracuse. With Dan Brady, the most valuable player in the tournament, practically impenetrable in the goal, B.U. was impossible to beat. Stirling, who lives in Clarkson, Ontario, checked superbly, scored two goals and set up two others. Toot Cahoon, who is from Marblehead, Mass. (B.U. players claim it was named after him), scored three goals against Denver. Bob Brown, a defenseman who is right up there on the Montreal draft list, kept the opposition honest.

Come to think of it, where would Kelley play Orr and Esposito anyway? **AND**

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*74 is the element number of Tungsten



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The Christian Brothers, Napa Valley, California

"A more careful choice of grapes
and casks gives every sip of this aged
brandy its smoother, mellower quality."

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster

A conscious challenge to Hoist The Flag

The main topic of conversation around California tracks these past few months was pretty much what it was anywhere that racing people gathered: How good was Hoist The Flag? As this 3-year-old son of Tom Rolfe (and grandson of Ribot, and great-grandson of Man O' War) wintered well in South Carolina and then emerged with a smashing 15-length victory at Bowie a couple of weeks ago, the speculation increased. Was this, at last, a horse in the mold of Citation, a mortal cinch to win the Kentucky Derby and the Triple Crown?

California, eyeing its own crop of 3-year-olds, rather hoped not. Last Saturday at Santa Anita when track announcer Joe Hernandez broadcast the results of the Bay Shore Stakes at faraway Aqueduct, the throng of 42,180 let out a collective groan, for the word was that Hoist The Flag had won the seven-furlong test by seven lengths over a good field in near world-record time. "If he's that good," said one trainer, "there's no point in anything from here bothering to make the trip to Churchill Downs this year."

Few would have agreed with him then, but a few minutes later a ray of hope penetrated the heavy smog that lay over the track. It came in the form of a big, strong chestnut colt named Unconscious, who won the mile-and-a-sixteenth San Felipe stakes and established himself as the best 3-year-old in California and one of the few in the country worthy of challenging Hoist The Flag. Unconscious, ridden by the skillful Laffit Pincay Jr., won the \$58,650 event with authority and his time of 1:42½ on a fast but dull track was as respectable as it needed to be.

Pincay had the inside post position with Unconscious and, after breaking perfectly, took his mount back off the pace. At the far turn, faced with the possibility of running into a blind switch, Pincay shifted to the outside and caught the leaders just inside the eighth pole. His winning margin over Seal A Dance was only half a length, but he was in com-

plete charge at the finish. The tiring Fast Fellow was another four lengths back, while Crimson Clem, who will probably like both an off-track and a longer distance, put in a decent stretch run to finish fourth. Straggling along came Vegas Vic, Bold Joey, Diplomatic Agent, Nahallat and Vested Power. None of them, except the winner and possibly Crimson Clem, looked like anything that should be running a mile and a quarter against Hoist The Flag in Louisville on May 1.

Unconscious is trained by the astute John Canty, a 54-year-old Irishman from County Kildare, and is owned by Arthur Seeligson Jr., a San Antonio colman. He is by Prince Royal II out of a mare named Brown Berry, which at first glance hardly signals the arrival of a new champion. But wait, Prince Royal II is by Ribot, meaning that Unconscious, too, is a grandson of the famous, undefeated Italian horse-of-the-world. Prince Royal II won the 1964 mile-and-a-half Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, which makes it even easier to believe that he is capable of producing a true stayer, even though he hasn't done much as a sire thus far. Brown Berry, a former C.V. Whitney race mare, is by Mount Marty, who is by Epsom Derby winner Mahmoud, and her dam, Brown Baby, is a half sister to Fisherman, who won the 1954 Washington, D.C. International at Laurel. "This gives us hope," says Trainer Canty. "We could have something special in Unconscious."

The San Felipe winner is big—16 hands or close to it, and over 1,000 pounds. He won only three of 12 starts as a 2-year-old but was second in four other races and third in one. Canty says he was washy and nervous then, "but he's over that now. Like most of the Ribot family, he has improved vastly from 2 to 3, and I really believe that he will like it more as the distances stretch out. If all goes well for us, we'll run him back next in the Santa Anita Derby on April 3, then the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields on April 17 and then right into Kentucky."

As Owner Seeligson and his party passed around the champagne-filled gold cup that Santa Anita gave him after the San Felipe—along with a winner's purse of \$36,150 and a breeder's award of \$5,865—he was asked about the colt's name. "It's from that old saying," he replied. "You know, like when you're getting absolutely murdered by somebody, at golf, or poker or something. You're getting clobbered and you can't seem to do anything right. Well, you look at the guy who is doing this to you and you say, 'Man, you're unconscious, absolutely unconscious.' I guess I must have been getting more than my share of beatings because the word stuck with me as being a good name for a racehorse."

"I don't know anything about the name," said Trainer Canty, "but before the race I said I thought I had the best jockey in Pincay. Now, I'm able to say I have the best horse, too."

In California.

END



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42710 THREE DOG
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44145 BOBBY COLOMBY
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41537 TEMOURVSKY
3812 Overdrive
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New tournament formats and inflated purses are turning professional tennis into a lavish sport, especially for Australia's rocketing Rod Laver

Big reach for a net profit

Rod Laver—all red-haired and freckles, with a big beak of a nose on his gaunt face—looks like some sort of prehistoric bird, but on the tennis court he flies loops and limelitannins around the hawks and eagles of today's game, hardly ruffling his feathers in the process. Last week, having just stepped off a plane after a 10,000-mile flight from Sydney with a momentary stopover in Southern California, he rushed through a couple of routine victories on successive nights at Madison Square Garden in New York and thereby added another \$50,000 to his 1971 bankroll.

It has been that way with Laver for the last couple of years. His schedule is crowded and rich. He began the month of March at a tournament in London, where he picked up \$7,800 for winning. He was in Australia the Monday after for another tournament, in which he lost in the quarterfinals, and spent the following weekend at home with his wife in Corona del Mar, Calif. He arrived in Manhattan a week ago Monday for a press

conference, and by 10 o'clock Friday night his earnings for the first three months of 1971 had risen to the neighborhood of \$175,000 (he made slightly more than \$200,000 in all of 1970), not including a few nickels and dimes from the Sydney tournament and some doubles matches that he had not yet bothered to add up. It is possible that no other athlete has made so much in so short a time—not Arnold Palmer, not Willie Shoemaker, perhaps not even Muhammad Ali or Joe Frazier if you figure in all the months it takes a boxer to get ready for his payday.

Plainly the big money in sport is beginning to rub off on tennis—or began to a couple of years ago, as Laver reminds one. But it is not yet obvious why. The rally, which is what tennis is all about, was bottled out of men's singles about the time of Pearl Harbor. Now it is serve, run to the net, put it away; serve, run to the net, put it away. Unless Pancho Gonzales, the supreme tragedian of tennis, happens to be on

the card, a really big gate will find 10,000 people in the stands (there were fewer than 9,000 for each of the two nights at the Garden last week, though a lot of those in attendance did pay the \$10 top price). In the smaller towns pro tennis is delighted to find 3,000 to 4,000 in the house.

None of this daunts an intrepid man like Fred J. Podesta. It was he who put up the \$210,000 for the Tennis Champions Classic, which is the name of the event that Laver won. Podesta is a former Garden official who got hooked on pro tennis in the days when Jack Kramer used to comb the sticks in a beat-up station wagon with an opponent, a rolled-up piece of canvas for a court and a couple of his-beers for doubles. Last year Podesta introduced the Classic, which involves a 16-match competition among nine pros. There is a \$10,000 winter-take-all prize for each of the matches until the semifinals, where the purse is split \$15,000 and \$5,000 apiece for the two winners and losers. In the finals the winner gets \$35,000, the loser \$15,000. Laver, of course, won it last year, and Podesta was happy enough with the results to try again.

The first problem in a promotion of this kind is to get your nine pros. The best are now under contract to World Championship Tennis, a Dallas outfit owned by Lamar Hunt and Al G. Hill Jr. They have their own deal, which consists of 20 tournaments throughout the year with a purse of \$45,000 apiece and a grand finale at the end for \$100,000. If you are Podesta, you go to Hunt and Hill and ask when you may borrow one of their champs, and they give you a number of dates beginning on Jan. 2 and finishing March 19.

Then you pick the pros you think will arouse a dawning public. Laver (the Rocket) naturally, Tom Okker (the Flying Dutchman), Roy Emerson ("venerable 34-year-old Australian"), John Newcombe (1970 Wimbledon champion), Ken Rosewall (1970 U.S. Open champion), Tony Roche (1970 U.S. pro champion), Arthur Ashe (new pro), Roger Taylor (English) and Gonzales, except that Gonzales can't accept because he is flailing with a rival setup of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association and claims that he no longer belongs to Hunt and Hill. So in his place you get Dennis Ralston (Dennis the Menace). Next your book

single dates at arenas in Boston, Rochester, New Haven and Philadelphia, plus two in Detroit and Los Angeles and nine at Madison Square Garden.

The scene is set, and Laver starts the year by beating Rosewall in straight sets at the Garden. Two and a half months later Laver is again at the Garden, standing in front of the umpire's chair and receiving an outsized replica of a check for \$160,000, which is not exactly the way he really gets paid but it presses home the money point as the flashbulbs pop. Laver accumulated the \$160,000 by winning 13 straight matches, a streak that included two victories over Ashe, two over Emerson, two over Ralston and three over Okker. At this point it becomes too complicated to explain why, in reducing nine players to one, it is necessary for Laver to beat so many of them so often. Suffice it to say that Laver won 39 sets and lost only 10, which is evidence enough that no one is in his class today when his mind is on winning.

As for the real money, Podesta mails that to World Champion Tennis after each match, and it shows up in the check that each of the pros later receives from Hunt and Hall. Perhaps it is only natural in a game where some points are worth 15, some 10 and some only one that a fellow should have to go through such convolutions to earn a buck.

Laver seems not to mind it at all. "The money is good," he explains for the benefit of those who can't count, and he tries as hard as he can to emit the kind of charm that makes a sports hero the idol of millions. It is not easy, for Rod was raised in the Harry Hopman school of Australian tennis where a small grant is the only communication allowed between player and public. Does he dislike the weekly intercontinental commuting his profession demands? "No. The chap you're playing against has probably made the same trip." Is traveling a major problem, what with arranging all the airline tickets and hotel reservations and currency changes? "No. Have you ever heard of the American Express credit card?"

Thus it is that Laver is obliged to express his personality through his performance, and certainly no one since William T. Tilden II has had the variety and subtlety of strokes to do it with. For a superior athlete Laver is a

small man, no taller than Little Bill Johnston, who always seemed so slight and frail when he played against the likes of Big Bill Tilden. But at 5' 8½" and 155 pounds, Laver's body is as hard as an ingot, and his left arm, beginning at the shoulder, would be an asset to a stevedore.

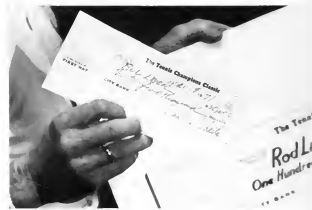
In some ways Laver's size is his advantage. His speed and quickness on the court are such that only a most extraordinary placement is beyond his reach. His assortment of shots—top spin, slice, flat, drop shot, volley, smash, drop volley—far exceeds the repertoire of any modern player, most of whom were raised on the theory that the big serve, volley and smash could get the job done.

In his final match with Okker, Laver demonstrated the value of his exceptional versatility. Okker began the match aggressively, running off the first three games after breaking Laver's first serve. His cross-court backhand was scoring clean placements, sometimes flat and with great speed, sometimes with looping top spin. But Laver quickly shifted the attack to Okker's forehand, and, as he quietly explained afterward, "Tom was having such great success with his backhand that he may have eased up a bit on his forehand."

Laver evened the set, but Okker never looked like losing until they reached 5-

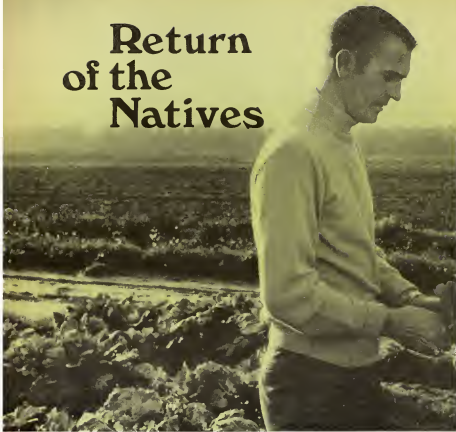
all and went into the 12-point, sudden-death playoff now used by the pros. Here Laver, with all his art and craft, called on shots that only he owns—crowding Okker's big serve and putting it away untouched, letting out the full power of his own big serve, leading Okker into positions so awkward that his shots were easy prey. After the sudden-death reached 2-2, Laver ran off the next five points as if he suddenly remembered he had an important engagement elsewhere. The match was as good as over, and Laver completed the next two sets with the loss of only three games. Okker conceded it all was inevitable. Like the other pros, he knows that no one beats Laver when his game is in shape, and, as Laver pointed out, "I played some of the best tennis I've ever played at the right time."

The rest of the pros might as well get used to this sort of thing because Rod Laver enjoys what he is doing, particularly the money part. What with his endorsements—mostly clothes and equipment—and what he intends to win in the remaining tournaments of the year, his income may reach \$400,000. And Rod, at the age of 32, is not even thinking about retirement. He does not live high—there is hardly time for that—so what do you do with so much money? "I like to invest it," he says. **END**



THE NIGHT'S WORK WAS WORTH \$35,000. OTHER CHECK IS FOR SYMBOLIC \$160,000

Return of the Natives



Down in east Carolina, where barn sides serve as backstops and baseball stirs the soul, the folk heroes are long, lean pitchers. Most stayed home, but the Perry boys of Farm Life have gone far

By ROY BLOUNT JR.



This past Nov. 10 was Jim and Gaylord Perry Day in Wilmamston, N.C. (pop. 7,000), where the Perry boys got started playing baseball in a pasture full of weeds. In their honor a barbecue and Brunswick stew banquet was held in the high school gym, and there would have been a parade if sudden showers had not withered all the crepe paper on the float. It was a fine occasion, rain or no, but not quite consummated. People kept mentioning Slim Gardner and his era. It was as though inside Jim and Gaylord Perry Day there was another more fundamental Day. Call it Slim Gardner Memorial Southern Pasture Baseball Day.

Back in the collard patch, Minnesota's Jim Perry (left) and San Francisco's Gaylord visit their father, who had his own flop.

Southern-pasture baseball, like ghetto-schoolyard basketball, is a distinct tradition and the product of indigenous needs and resources. As a boy on pavement and in and out of doorways takes to dribbling and the give-and-go, a boy surrounded by fields, crab apples, rocks, mud clods and the broadsides of barns takes to chunking, and you can't make a football out of a green unhusked walnut and tape. These and other factors have given rise to such good *continued*

old boys of national note as Preacher Roe of Ash Flat, Ark., who was 6' 2" and 170 pounds, and once said he knew he had lost his fastball when he let slip a wild pitch and had time to yell "look out!" three times. On a local level this tradition has produced the community pitcher, an institution comparable to the village priest, the corner druggist and the local Confederate veteran. Slim Gardner and his teammate Evan Perry were community pitchers.

Some other Southern rural facts of life boosting baseball are: a shortage of the flashier diversions; work that instills great doggedness and tensile strength, if not 100%; fluidity; a desire for some more sociable and celebrated outlet for persistency than just hard work; an attunement to long, hot, ordered periods of time, compared to which six-run innings are brisk; and an urge to get away to the city.

Jim and Gaylord did get away—to Minneapolis and San Francisco, respectively, to make their fortunes—but Slim Gardner did not. For a traditionalist's taste, the Perry boys got away too far (much farther than Preacher Roe); a Slim Gardner Day would have had more flavor. For instance, no catcher of Slim's would have been reduced to saying, as Giant Catcher Dick Dietz said about Gaylord from the Perry Day banquet dais, "You know he's going to give you 120% on every pitch." It sounded like Gaylord (pronounced GAYlerd), a farm-grown pitcher, were some kind of stock-market bubble. By 1985 there may be 48 big-league teams, the minimum pension may be up to \$500 a week and testimonial speakers may be saying, "He gives you 280% out there." But 280% of what? When Slim Gardner and Evan Perry were pitching around Williamson in the old days, 100% was good value.

Not that there are any flies on Jim and Gaylord. (Too few, in a manner of speaking.) They are by all accounts likable, upstanding men, and last season they became the first brothers ever to oppose each other in an All-Star Game. In 1970 Jim, the ace of the Minnesota Twins, won the Cy Young Award in the American League, and Gaylord was

runner-up to Bob Gibson for that award in the National. With 24 and 23 wins, respectively, they became the first brothers ever to win 20 games each in the same season and they fell just two short of the all-time victories by a pair of brothers record—49, set by Dizzy (30) and Paul (19) Dean for the Gas House Cardinals in 1934, the year Dizzy predicted that "me 'n' Paul'll win 45," and they outdid themselves.

But such achievements invite comparison with some lean and lanky country-boy pitchers who were more than pretty fair: Cy (for Cyclone) Young himself, out of Gilmore, Ohio; Walter Johnson, out of Humboldt, Kans.; and Slim Gardner, out of the same tobacco fields whence the Perrys sprung. Gaylord and Jim are fine family men and competitors, ranking professionals and highly diversified businessmen. Slim Gardner was a plain old bony hardscrabble boy with no teeth—and a legend in his own time.

One of the authorities on that legend is Judge Elbert S. Peel Jr. of Williamson, a historian of the area's pitchers. Billy Wynne of the Angels is from there, Catfish Hunter of the A's is from nearby Hertford, and Judge Peel believes that Williamson Kid—the colt someone was supposed to have made \$46,000 on from the Denny McLain bookmaking operation—was named for a Williamson pitcher who showed promise some years back but never got out of the minor leagues. And then there was Slim Gardner, whose glory was in the '30s and '40s.

"They are still talking about Slim down in New Bern, N.C.," says Judge Peel, "for his exploits during a July 4 morning and afternoon doubleheader one year. He shut out the New Bern Bears in the morning game, had a big barbecue lunch, swam the mile-wide Neuse River and then proceeded to shut out the Bears that afternoon."

Virtually everyone in Williamson who is or has been a farmer—including the Perry brothers, who are both 6' 4"—is at least more nearly slim than fat. Slim Gardner is said to have been slimmer than almost anybody, even during the Depression, and he was strong as a mule and 6' 6". They say he pitched some

minor league ball but couldn't make enough of a living out of it to support his family.

So he settled for "coming right up out of the fields" (as people in Williamson invariably put it) on summer Saturday afternoons to pitch, at \$10 a game plus certain spontaneous ancillaries, for the Farm Life community team in the local semipro Beaufort County League, now defunct.

One of Slim's former catchers, Archie Perry, is no relation to Jim and Gaylord but was one of the movers behind their Day. The night before the banquet Archie confided that he himself once threw seven out of 10 pegs from behind home plate into a bucket lying on its side next to second base, and he recalled doing so much catching and sweating in terrible heat that "my left leg would draw up under me, I've had boys in the Beaufort County League set on my leg to keep it from drawing up." Concerning Gardner, Archie said, "He was still pitching up into his 50s, and I tell you Slim was fast and had a curveball. The other team would hear Slim was going to pitch that day, and their feathers would droop. They dreaded him. I got a hole right here in the bone of my hand you could stick a big old country match head into from a pinch of him. And control. . . ."

"In those days we'd have two, three thousand people at a game, all up and down the foul lines and in the outfield, all over. They didn't do any fighting, they didn't do any drinking, they was orderly. But a close situation come up, and you'd have people yelling, '\$10 for a hit' or '\$10 for a strikeout!' and waving bills in the air. One time Slim had the bases loaded and the score tied in the bottom of the ninth and nobody out, and blim, blim, blim, there was 590 on the line. You know, Slim didn't have any teeth, and he said to me, 'Don't worry 'bout it, I 'mona strackum at.' Well, he throwed nine pitches."

Asked whatever happened to Slim, Archie said, "Whiskey. Farmin'. Coonhuntin'. He finally died."

As for Evan Perry, he is Jim and Gaylord's father, and he brought them up in Farm Life, which is a cluster of farms

continued



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ZENITH



The Natives continued

just outside Williamston. Evan sat at the head table during the Perry Day banquet and heard Evan Griffin, a local insurance man and tobacco auctioneer, tell about a memorable local pitching feat back in 1941. Jim and Gaylord were toddlers, and Slim Gardner was evidently laid up. It was one of the hottest days in memory. A local farmer left off "following the south end of a northbound mule," as Griffin put it, in 100° heat and pitched Farm Life to a 4-1 victory over White Post in the first game of a Saturday afternoon doubleheader. And then, when Farm Life's second pitcher didn't show, this farmer pitched and won another complete game 9-3. "Those were the days when only big farmers had tractors," said Griffin, "and the horseflies were fat and lazy. The pitcher was Evan Perry."

Apparently Evan neglected to swim anything over half a mile or so wide between games, and no big-leaguer is said to have sworn that he threw every bit as hard as Bob Feller. (That being what Jimmy Brown, a North Carolinian who was an infielder for the St. Louis Cardinals in the '30s and '40s and who batted against Feller in his time, is said to have sworn about Slim Gardner. Rudy York came barnstorming through Farm Life during his prime as an American League slugger, they say, and Slim struck him out twice.) But they claim that Evan had speed and a curve he wasn't afraid to use on 3-and-2, and fine control, and Jim says his daddy's knuckleball was as good as Hoyt Wilhelm's.

Big-league scouts approached Evan, as they did Slim and Archie and others, but it was still the Depression in eastern North Carolina and, like Slim and Archie, Evan was dirt poor and had responsibilities. Evan was only 18 when Jim was born and 20 when Gaylord came along. In the summer a man had to spend five "kin till kin" (from when you just kin see the sun till you just kin) days a week and at least half of Saturday in the fields if he was going to keep his tenancy on a little piece of land. Evan had to have a little piece of something to keep his family on, and minor league pay wasn't nearly enough to provide for them all. So Evan confined

continued

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his pitching to the Beaufort County League—one year, he remembers, he was 13-4—and to workouts with Jim and Gaylord.

They would play together at lunchtime and after chores, when there was still light. "Sometimes we only had one ball, one glove and one bat," says Jim. "So the pitcher never had a glove. And we frequently made our own balls."

The Perry boys' mother, Ruby, used to think "it was kind of a silly waste" when her sons asked for yarn and thread from her sewing basket. "I didn't know it was going to help the boys get where they are now," she says.

"We'd get a hard rubber ball from our sister Carolyn," says Jim. "You know, the kind girls play jacks with. Then we'd wrap it in yarn and thread and cover it with some black tar paper Dad used to hold tobacco leaves together for curing. It didn't look like much, except that it was sort of round.

But it did the job and it didn't cost us anything."

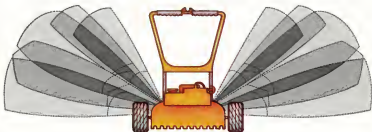
Sometimes they would use a walnut or a rock for the core of the ball, and Evan says he has used an old oak root for a bat in his time. Archie Perry says his first uniform was made by his mother out of Smith-Douglass fertilizer sacks, and when he bent down to catch he had "SD" on his bottom. Even in the Beaufort County League they would tape and nail up a broken bat before giving up on it. All this, says Jim, "just made us appreciate it that much more when we got to the big leagues. I'd see them throw out a bat with just a little nick on it and I'd say, 'We wouldn't even have taped that around home.'"

When the boys got into their teens they played for Farm Life along with Evan, and they distinguished themselves in high school ball. "James was the type that if he felt like he was doing himself a favor he would work himself to death,"

says Larry Woolard, now an appraiser at the Martin County Savings and Loan and a contemporary of the Perry brothers who was better off financially as a boy than they were. "One year I had to play third base, which I wasn't too good at. I told James, 'Don't let them hit the ball to me and I'll buy you a milk shake and hamburger.' I went three games without a chance. Another year I said to Gaylord, 'If you'll pitch a no-hitter today I'll let you use my car tonight and I'll pay for the gas.' Course he pitched a no-hitter."

In Jim's last year and Gaylord's first at Williamston High the brothers won the state championship together. You can read about it in the back files of *The Enterprise*, Williamston's semi-weekly paper, along with adjoining small news stories for incidental flavor:

DISPLAYS LARGE HEN
EGGS HERE THIS WEEK



If you were going to design a lawn mower, where would you put the grass catcher?

On the right side, so it bumps into whatever's sticking up on your right? On the left side, so it does the same there?

The fact is, most grass bags are afterthoughts. They stick out to one side. They simply weren't designed to be part of the mower.

The Snapper V-21 or 18 has its grass bag between the handles. You can close-

trim on both sides, and vacuum your lawn while you're mowing. And the bag holds three times as much grass. We designed it that way.

In fact, all the good things about Snapper V-21 or 18 are logical. The result of sound design and planning by people who make lawn equipment and only lawn equipment. Not afterthoughts.

SNAPPER



"We do not have many hens, but what few we have really produce sizable eggs," Mrs. Clyde Modlin of near Jamesville said this week, when she displayed one that measured eight and one-half inches by seven and one-half inches.

Mrs. Modlin explained that she served her chickens with a feed mixture from the Martin Feed Mills in Williamston.

Perhaps the most interesting game during the playoffs leading to the state title was the one in which, according to *The Enterprise*, "in the fifth things began to happen. Bobby Hardison was safe on an error, Bobby Mobley and Gerald Griffin bunted for infield hits, James Perry sacrificed but was safe on an error, Gaylord Perry and Zack Gurkin bunted safely and the Coopers' catcher walked off the field and did not come back."

Even more intimidating was the Perrys' pitching. Gaylord had been a third baseman, but he was moved to the mound for the playoffs. In the last five games Gaylord won two and Jim three, and Williamston's opponents got only 12 hits and no man as far as third base.

"In fact," says Jim, "Gay and I won seven games in a row going into the finals with Colfax High. All you could hear about was how good Colfax was and how good their best pitcher, Bobby Simmons, was. Then we met them in two games, a Friday and a Saturday. Well, they wouldn't pitch Simmons against me. They held him out. So I won the first game 9-0, a two-hitter. Then they came back with Simmons on Saturday, and Gaylord beat him 2-0, a three-hitter." From that point on it was clear that Williamston couldn't hold the Perry boys.

Today Williamston remains more rural than urban and people there still say, "This is baseball country." Eastern North Carolina has stayed sparsely populated and largely agricultural while the western part of the state—led by thriving Charlotte—has, as they say, developed. But the kids in eastern North Carolina have cars and widespread TV and other absorptions they did not have 20

years ago, and the Raleigh *News & Observer* has phones in two minor league press boxes today, as opposed to 23 in the 1940s. The small tobacco farms such as those on which Slim Gardner and Evan Perry were tenants have mostly been taken over by large landowners who can afford modern machinery, and the people who used to be tenant farmers are now day laborers or mill workers. They have more money, shorter hours and less access to pastures.

Williamston's hope is the extent to which it has industrialized—it has a shoe factory, a pulp mill, a metal products plant and prospects of a shopping center. The recent four-laning of the U.S. 64 bypass has attracted a Holiday Inn and a renovated Shamrock Inn to the outskirts of town. These developments are set against the facts that the town's population is declining and that most of the kids who leave for college move elsewhere to settle.

Williamston still has flavor. The leading restaurants are homey on the inside and easy for strangers to overlook on the outside. They serve distinctive fried seafood and steamed oysters (the coast is only 90 miles away) and those combinations of chicken, pork, cornbread and farm vegetables that in New York City are advertised as soul food. Kerosene lamps are on display in the front window of the hardware store, and a small black man in a wheelchair sells peanuts on Main Street with a hand-lettered sign saying, PEANUTS 10¢ A BAG CASH FOR ALL. The night life is limited to weekend dances and the beer-and-setups bar at the Holiday Inn.

The motel trade in Williamston consists of elderly tourists who don't like the Interstate, numbers of Canadians (for some reason) on their way to Myrtle Beach, S.C., and men in town to pay a commercial call or perhaps to attend a Department of Agriculture conference on hog cholera or a district fertilizer meeting. Earl and Bonnie Taylor moved into Williamston three years ago from Baltimore to buy the Shamrock Inn, and their restaurant has become a leading daytime gathering place.

"You walk downtown," says Earl, "and for every man you see there's three

that'll talk to you. [Asked whether he ever had to be defended by big brother Jim, Gaylord says, "Our town was too small to have fighting enemies. We were happy to see people."] It's like a different nationality down here. Here they feel strongly about integration, they're very religious and they eat certain things. We tried some different foods on 'em. Spaghetti, garlic bread. They wouldn't eat them." What they do eat, says Earl, is "chicken and pastry" (known elsewhere as chicken and dumplings), "fried roek" (fried striped bass), "backhose and collards" (pork chops served with vertebrae attached and collard greens) and herring roe scrambled with eggs.

The Enterprise has flavor, too. It gives heavy coverage to local baseball—which, now that the Williamston area no longer has a Class D team, consists of Little League (ages 9-12), Junior League (13-14), Senior League (15-17) and a semi-pro town team. These kids' leagues reflect Williamston culture. Jerry Smith, the county parole officer, is the coach of a Junior League team that won the state championship last season. "Williamston's a good place to raise children," he says. "If he's a boy and he plays baseball. You have a daughter, well, she can't play baseball. When a boy gets off parole, I tell him, 'You haven't got any future here, go up North where some industry is.' Especially if he's colored. The colored don't really play much baseball here. The Little League park is independently owned, not city owned, and the teams are sponsored by the clubs—Ruritan, Moose, Jaycee, Lions. They're white. Me 'n' Archie get into it all the time; I say the colored maybe don't have as great an opportunity. He says, 'None of their people support 'em.'"

"It's moving, though. We've got colored policemen and a colored doctor around town now. I think you have the Klan here, but even the white look down on it. I had to cut one of 'em's boy from the Junior League team, and I wondered if something might come of it but nothing did. I don't think the Klan around here means anything."

Baseball does. In one recent Junior League game, says Smith, "there was a

continued



Shaking hands all around before the banquet in the high school gym, Gordon renews what he has always been, "one of the boys."

call made at second base and a parent jumped over the fence, ran up and hit the umpire. In the summer sometimes the damned mosquitoes around here will tote you off. It doesn't bother these people. They sit out there and argue about the mosquitoes and hoot and holler about baseball."

Instead of bringing their sons along themselves, the way Evan did Jim and Gaylord, Williamson fathers can now put them in the hands of the league coaches. "The parents strongly want their sons to be taught baseball," says Smith. "They tell their boys, 'If you can't do anything else you can go to church and play ball. That doesn't take much.' A boy on my team walks five miles to practice every day, and some of the kids crop tobacco all day long. I've held up a game for a kid to come out of the tobacco patch and pitch a no-hitter. During the season the paper prints the top 10 batters—Little League on up—every issue. There are little kids around here 10 years old, you mention one of 'em's name and everybody knows what position he plays and what he's hitting. A kid will come in and people will

say, 'That's Mike Todd.' Or, 'That's Bruce Lewis—they say he pitches like Gaylord.' We've got kids 13 and 14 who'll throw their curve on 3 and 2."

So Slim Gardner, who must have pitched for 40 years, has heirs in Williamson today, but few over the age of 17. When they get that old they have to go somewhere else for college or the scant chance of a professional career, or else stay around town to promote, umpire and look on, to help derive the stuff of legend out of kids or out of emigrants to Minnesota and California.

After the triumph in the 1955 state tournament Jim Perry went on to a year of junior college and then to a \$4,000 bonus with the Indians. When Jim signed, says Gaylord, "I decided to quit football and get me a career." In his junior year Gaylord pitched five no-hitters and did not give up a single earned run.

Six years later, in 1964, it appeared that Gaylord had indeed found a career and Jim had lost one. In that year Gaylord—who signed with the Giants in 1958 for a bonus of some \$80,000—made his way into the San Francisco starting rotation, never to leave it, except briefly

when he was sidelined with an injury. But this was the year that Jim pitched only 65 innings for the Twins.

Jim had come on strong as a Cleveland rookie in 1959. "He was always so serious," recalls Milwaukee General Manager Frank Lane, who was the Indians' general manager at the time. "We brought him to Tucson that spring just to pitch batting practice. I saw him in the hotel lobby writing in a little black book. I asked him what he was doing and he said he was figuring out how to pitch to Bob Cerv in the first game of the season in Kansas City.

"He wasn't even on the roster. I asked Joe Gordon, 'Is he going to pitch your first game?' Gordon said, 'No—what do you mean?' I said, 'He's pitching the first game right now over there.' I never saw a more serious-minded kid. He pitched his way right onto the ball club that year."

Jim was a cocky rookie, saying things like, "Don't matter how small the ball park is if you've got it," and he won 12 games and lost 10. "Gaylord got the money," he would say, "and I got the arm." The next year, 1960, he was 18-10. But in 1961 he was 10-17, and from that point until well into the 1969 season he was a marginal pitcher.

Jim's cockiness, which had reminded many writers of Dizzy Dean, gave way to a mournful look, which to some extent he still has. Jim's critics said he had lost his deceptiveness when he developed polish and his bery-jerky motion smoothed out. One pitching coach said, "He wasn't using his body enough. His motion was sort of like a tree being carefully cut down. His body fell forward slowly."

After Jim was traded to the Twins in 1963 he was assigned to Manager Sam Mele's permanent doghouse because of a home run he gave up to Ron Hansen one ninth inning. Jim "was available," as Lane puts it, "for a cheese sandwich," but no team rose to the bait.

Then, in 1965, when Camilo Pascual was injured, Jim got a chance to start regularly. He went 7-7 after July 5 as the Twins won a pennant. In '66, '67, '68 he was back in the spot-start and long-relief category. "It doesn't seem to

continued

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matter what I do," he told a reporter.

In late April of 1969 more injuries gave him another regular chance, and he was ready for it. No longer making cocky remarks (setting a certain standard for blandness, in fact, which he has maintained into his present stardom) but pitching with craftsmanlike authority, he won 20 and lost six. Last year, with Dave Boswell cutting up his hand in a bizarre locker-room accident and some other Twin pitchers suffering picturesque lapses, Jim kept plugging and finally became recognized as the team's best pitcher. From that eminence he looks back on his career and expresses satisfaction.

"I take care of myself," he says, "because the better you can do things the more things you get to do. And I enjoy what I'm doing—baseball otherwise I'd do something else.

"I think my friends thought I should have said something when I didn't get to start. I did ask a couple of people in the organization why, and their answers weren't too good, but I know that the main thing in baseball is to be ready to do a good job when the time comes. As long as you stick in there," Jim

concludes, "things will come around."

And so it is that Jim has settled into Edina, Minn., a suburb of Minneapolis, and into promotions and public relations (for shopping center openings and a home-delivery orange juice concern), connections with a boat company and a snowmobile company, part ownership of a mobile home concern in Cincinnati and the directorship of a bank in St. Paul. Lately it seems he's always on a plane heading somewhere, to meet some people on business or to make an appearance. "I say the only time I get to relax is in the dentist's chair," says Jim, "and that's about the truth. I've got a poor dog I haven't even taken out duck hunting. But I like to stay busy. I like to meet people, and these are things you have to do."

Gaylord, who matured into a harder thrower than Jim, had six years in and out of the minors. He had been established with the Giants for two years when Pitching Coach Larry Jansen said of him, "Now that he's found the right combination he simply isn't frustrated anymore." Jansen was referring to the addition of a "hard slider" to Gaylord's combination.

Ever since that pitch clicked into place Gaylord has been accused of throwing a splitter. Not, however, with spit. At least not lately. "He's using a special surgical lubricant," chimed one hotless batter last year. "It's odorless, colorless and dries before it gets to the plate." If that, in fact, is Gaylord's secret (at the banquet Dick Dietz said, in reference to the weather outside, "I should have known anything connected with Gaylord would be wet and slippery"), it seems a comedown from the days when Pee Wee Reese or Billy Cox would come up to Preacher Roe on the mound, as Roe once told it, and "drop the ball easy in my glove and say 'There it is if you want it.' That meant he already had the ball wet for me."

Thanks to whatever substances, Gaylord is now a reliable winner of around 20 games, and he is into insurance, real estate and absentee gentleman farming. He has kept up business ties and a house in Williamston but has settled in San Francisco. Evan runs one of Gaylord's two spreads back in Farm Life for him, but Evan has been laid up lately following an operation for a back injury he suffered years ago falling off a moving tractor. Since the operation, Ruhy has had to do most of the chores. Neighbors don't pitch in and take care of everything when a man is incapacitated the way they used to in Farm Life. But then the wolf is not at Evan's door anymore, even when he's hurt.

People around Williamston have things going for them that they didn't have in the past. And although fellow townsmen see Jim and Gaylord infrequently in the flesh, they manage to keep up with them by radio and TV. For some reason Williamston-area residents cannot get any Carolina AM radio stations to speak of at night—but they can, with dedicated tuning, get stations from as far away as St. Louis and Des Moines. As Evan Griffin pointed out at the banquet, when the buses are loaded, Gaylord is winding up and suddenly the game fades and gives way to "Bésame, bésame muerlo," you know right away that all kinds of people—from an FBI agent in Rocky Mount who once "caught two

Gaylord, who owns the farm his father now runs in Williamston, shows peasants for his son Jack, who wears a favorite number



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The Natives continued

crooks real early in the morning" so he could go to Atlanta to see Gaylord pitch in person to Booger Scales over in Greenville, N.C. to "that wonderful blind lady Mattie Coltrane"—are hanging over their radios, too, and the only trouble is that you can't call them up right then at midnight to find out whether they had been able to stay tuned, "because late-night calls shake people out of bed on the party line."

The next day everybody coming into the Shamrock Inn or Griffin's Quick Lunch will be asking about how Jim or Gaylord came out, and when either the Giants or the Twins are on network TV both staff and clientele at the Quick Lunch, where the Perry boys once washed dishes, are so preoccupied with the set over the counter that anyone who orders anything while Jim or Gaylord is trying to get out of an inning must be from a long way out of town. Archie Perry says that when Gaylord stops through town himself in the off season, "We know he's a celebrity and all, but he's still one of the boys," and the other boys can get on him about things.

Jim and Gaylord, who don't really represent Farm Life anymore, might be called community pitchers in *absentia*. Not that it would occur to people in Williamston to accuse the Perrys of betraying the heritage of Slim Gardner—at least not so long as they keep on behaving around Williamstonians in such a way that "you wouldn't know they had a dime." It would be hard to deny, after all, that the Perrys have amounted to what Slim Gardner himself would have given his eyeteeth, if he'd had them, to amount to.

The farm Evan runs for Gaylord has a nice frame house with a big front rocking porch and a square four-room tenant's dwelling like the place the boys grew up in. Gaylord has refurbished the latter with wall-to-wall carpeting, pine paneling and air conditioning to stay in when he wants to give his kids time in the country. On the day after the banquet, all the Perrys met at the farm, and they got to talking about the hog-killing they used to have in Farm Life.

There would be a good 30 hog-kills a year, each family in turn having

continued

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Over half of all cars on the road need a tune-up. If they all got one, total exhaust emissions in the U.S. would be reduced significantly (and in most cases the effect on mileage would be favorable).

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Coming Through.



ROYAL

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AUTO RACING—The 12 Hours of Sebring went to **PURVIS HIGGINS** again as **VIC ELLEWOOD** of England and **GERARD LARROUSSE** of France drove a 917K to a record 260 laps at an average of 112.3 mph (page 10).

BASKETBALL—**NBA**: Since the week began, with the top spots in all four divisions secure, the interest was in news for No. 3 San Francisco made it in the West by defeating Chicago 94-83, which nevertheless backed into second place in the Midwest as New York topped Phoenix 111-103. The following night Atlanta won Chicago as a springboard to its playoff berth, winning 112-111 in overtime. For comic relief, the lutes danced in Madison Square Garden as the Knicks beat Los Angeles 113-82. Will Chamberlain joke, "Let's hide the ball off court, then they won't be able to find it, huh?" It was the hope that seemed inevitable to Walt the next night as Boston held him to one point in the first half of a 122-104 Celtic win.

ABA: A tie in the younger leagues was more successful in Utah and Indiana for the first in the West. The Pacers defeated Pittsburgh 120-119 to get within half a game of the top. Then Utah lost to Florida 126-116 in Indiana lost to New York 121-104 and Indiana over Kentucky 120-107, leaving Utah with a 5-1-2 record and Indiana at 14-24. Virginia had top flying in the East.

SOCCER—The monstrous British syndrome challenged for the 1973 America's Cup has finally surfaced. The sheet breaker is millionaire **ANTHONY BOYDEN**, his Twister will be built by Camper and Nicholson Ltd., with British racing champions John Gossiter as helmsman and Robin Forster, who trained Nelson MacCall's French crew, as co-captain. In the meantime, the defending New York Yacht Club issued the problem of conducting off-shore races to the challengers—seven at all—and asked for a solution by June 1.

BOWLING—**JOHNNEY PETRACILLA**, leading money winner through the first 11 PGA events this year, won the \$60,000 **Fair Lakes Open** in Washington, D.C. The 30-year-old left-handed defeated Earl Anthony in the final 20-107.

BOXING—**JOSE ROBERTO CHIRINO**, ex-Argentine junior middleweight champ who now lives in the U.S., outpointed former world champion Nino Benvenuti of Italy in a 10-rounder that was to have been a Bolivian tune-up for his July bout next month against Argentina's Carlos Monzon, the man who stopped Muhammad Ali last.

CROSS-COUNTRY—**DOBIS BROWN** of Seattle easily won a women's 3,140-meter event at 11:58.4 as

the Cross Country of Nazareth in San Sebastian, Spain. Sisters nations competed.

GOALING—**CANADA** won the world curling championship for the fourth straight year, defeating Scotland 9-5 in the final in Magway, France.

PENCING—**NEW YORK UNIVERSITY** and **COLUMBIA** are for first in the NCAA championships, each finishing with 68 points. **BRUCE SORIANO** of Columbia successfully defended his subterfuge, and **NYU**'s **GEORGE SEUNYOGH** took the title 100.

GOLF—**GARY PLAYER** needed only a par 4 on the second hole of a sudden-death playoff to beat Hal Underwood for the \$24,000 first prize in the Greater Jacksonville Open golf tournament. They were tied at 281 at the end of regulation play. Player had a first-round 69 to Underwood's 71.

HOCKEY—**BOSTON UNIVERSITY** handed defeat to Minnesota 4-1 to win the NCAA championship at Syracuse (page 40).

The outcome was never really in doubt, but Boston won has officially clinched the NHL's last Brevon championship. Amly, the deciding game, a 3-1 win over Philadelphia, concluded with Bobby Orr's 2nd birthday. Meanwhile, much-criticized New York boasted a chaotic 2-2 win, the No. 2 spot in the East, losing to Toronto 3-1. The Rangers were not the only ones picking up penalties. Chicago's Keith Magnusen picked up four more penalty minutes for the West leaders in a 4-0 victory over Vancouver, bringing his record-broken total to 235.

HORSE RACING—**HOST THE FLAG**, ridden by Jean Guerin, strengthened his position in Kentucky Derby favorite by winning the \$14,000 seven-furlong Ray Stakes at Aqueduct by seven lengths over Doc's Role in 1:21, a race record.

More light was shed on the emerging Derby picture (page 33) when **UNIONIC LOTS** captured the \$28,650 San Felipe Handicap for 3-year-olds at Santa Anita.

A track record was in 1968 set at Gulfstream Park in the \$124,000 Gulfstream Handicap when **PAT HILARDOUS**, a 25-0-1 shot ridden by Craig Paro, was timed for the 1 1/4 mile in 1:39.5. Favored Saver Sporting finished third, after the Preaker.

BIDDING—**BILL KINNEY** of the Francisco Ski Club won the U.S.A.V.A. 10-kilometer giant slalom on Carson Mountain in New Hampshire in 2:43.90. Two runner **MARY FELS RATHBORN** of Johnson State took the women's event in 1:24.88.

RON STEELE of the Pacific Northwest Ski Association won the National Junior Special Ski Jumping Championship in Beaver Ridge, Calif.

TENNIS—An overcast erupted, raining opponent Tom Okker, **BOB LUTCH** blazed through the final match of the Champions Classic at Madison Square Garden (page 30).

TRACK & FIELD—**KRILL ESKASON** of Sweden set a world indoor pole-vault record of 17' 9" at the Knights of Columbus track meet in Cleveland, the last major indoor event of the season. Eskason's vault bettered his own-half shot a leading record made by Wolfgang Nordwig.

Oregon's **STEVE PREFONTAINE** led a national collegiate outdoor record for the two mile with an 8:11.2 clocking at Eugene, Ore.

MILEPOSTS—**HOSPITALIZED**: **JOE FRAZIER**, not high blood pressure and fatigue, reportedly not connected with any specific injury sustained in his fight with Muhammad Ali.

NAMED: As the NRA's Most Valuable Player, **LEW ALCINDOR**, by the biggest margin of votes in the award's history.

NAMED: **STEVE ROSENBLUM**, 26, as president of the Baltimore Colts, by his father, Cantor Rosenblum, wife owner of the team since 1964, who will become head coach.

REIGNED: After four years as head basketball coach at the Citadel in Charleston, S.C., **DICK CAMPBELL**, because of the difficulty of attracting athletes to a military school, Campbell previously coached at Carson-Newman College in Tennessee and was the 1965 NAIA Coach of the Year.

RESIGNED: **LOU ROSSINI**, head basketball coach at New York University, ending a 10-year career, after a 5-20 season.

RETIRED: **HENRY COOPER**, O.R.E., European, British and Commonwealth heavyweight boxing champion, at 36, after a defeat by Bengtsson from Joe Bagner (page 26).

SIGNED: **ARTIS GILMORE**, the 7' 3" All-American center from Jacksonville University, by the ABA Kentucky Colonels, in a mid-year contract for an estimated \$2 million.

SIGNED: To a four-year contract to coach Wichita State's basketball team, **AL MARY MILLER**, who served North Texas State University after one year.

CREDITS

4—UPI, AP, 16, 17—Terry Trotter, 18, 19—top, Life Schwartz, bottom, Life, 20—top, 21—top, 22—top, 23—top, 24—top, 25—top, 26—top, 27—top, 28—top, 29—top, 30—top, 31—top, 32—top, 33—top, 34—top, 35—top, 36—top, 37—top, 38—top, 39—top, 40—top, 41—top, 42—top, 43—top, 44—top, 45—top, 46—top, 47—top, 48—top, 49—top, 50—top, 51—top, 52—top, 53—top, 54—top, 55—top, 56—top, 57—top, 58—top, 59—top, 60—top, 61—top, 62—top, 63—top, 64—top, 65—top, 66—top, 67—top, 68—top, 69—top, 70—top, 71—top, 72—top, 73—top, 74—top, 75—top, 76—top, 77—top, 78—top, 79—top, 80—top, 81—top, 82—top, 83—top, 84—top, 85—top, 86—top, 87—top, 88—top, 89—top, 90—top, 91—top, 92—top, 93—top, 94—top, 95—top, 96—top, 97—top, 98—top, 99—top, 100—top.

FACES IN THE CROWD

PATTI BRENNAN and her hunter pony, Zan's Sing Along, made equine history in New Jersey by winning every high-score performance award offered in the state in 1970. She also garnered away with the Showmanship High Score Award for the third time.

PERLA HEWES, a Fredonia (N.Y.) State College senior and member of three, won the 1971 Women's National Intercollegiate Squash Racquets championship. Mrs. Hewes, a 30-year-old Filipina competing in her first tournament, lost only one game in five matches.

RYAN GROSS, an eighth-grader at New Lothrop (Mich.) Junior High, grabbed 32 rebounds in one game—a school record. He totaled 256 rebounds and 228 points in 10 games while shooting 57% from the floor. The 6' center had a high game of 37 points.

DWIGHT CARTWRIGHT, a 177-pound junior wrestler at Keshewa High School in Nunda, N.Y., completed a 22-1 season (20 straight wins by pin) tying a national school mark set in 1968-69 by a heavyweight. Sixteen of his pins came in the first period.

WILLIE G. WILLIAMS, 6' 6", of Lafayette County (Ga.) High, shot 73% from the floor and 88% from the line, scored 63 points and grabbed 29 rebounds in a 105-103 loss to Manchester, took 10 overtime to subdue Welle, in which he had all but one of Fayette's baskets.

DEBBIE ANDRESKE, 15, of Muscatine, Iowa, bowled a 268 game in her local Junior-Senior League after three years she has the top series and game in her league, which includes girls 13 to 18. The near-perfect performance followed more realistic scores of 144 and 124.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NO HOME ON THE RANGE (CONT.)

Sirs:

I cannot recall when a single article of any nature has aroused and concerned me more than *The Poisoning of the West* (March & seq.). You are to be commended for exposing in depth the poisoning program condoned by state and federal agencies.

Is it possible that we as a people are bordering on mass insanity? One gets the impression that our particular generation is possessed with a growing passion to eliminate everything from this earth that gets in our way. More and more people seem to care less and less about what this world is going to be like 100 years hence. Thank God there is hope yet as the result of national attention being focused on these occurrences by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and similar publications.

THE REV. LUTHER R. STOKES
First United Methodist Church
Williston, Fla.

Sirs:

Never in my life have I read such a one-sided and poisonous article as *The Poisoning of the West* by Jack Olsen. From Jack Boy's first written word to his last, he set out to poison a lot of people's minds. With his poisonous ink and poisonous pen and a few thousand poisonous words Jack Boy spread more poison over the entire world than livestock raisers have spread over the Western U.S. in the last 100 years.

Write to your heart's content, Poisonous Jack, because the strong men of the vast domestic livestock industry of this country are not going to give up their life's work to return the West to you, your kind or your wild animal! I would suggest that you, Jackie Boy, partake a little of your ink or just prick yourself with your pen.

JOHN DENNIS

Gall, Texas

Sirs:

One hour before this writing, my family and I returned home after seeing *The Wild Country*, a Walt Disney production. The scenery (southwest Wyoming) was breathtaking, and the good guys triumphed over the bad guys. In brief, the film gave us a feeling of pleasure and contentment. Now I find myself expressing to you my unhappiness, depression and disgust as I've just completed reading the second of the three-part series *The Poisoning of the West* by Jack Olsen. It is apparent that the sheepmen and the Government poisoners are blind to the damage and destruction to the biological scheme of our wilderness. By *us*, I mean the people of this country, particularly the children—my children.

How do I tell my children to believe in and have faith in their governmental agencies when flagrant and continuous violations of the law are committed by sheepmen who clearly "own" the Government. How do I explain how an arm of the Government (U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service) can ignore its own regulations, practice subterfuge and deception and play games with statistics in order to justify its sickening programs?

While the slaughter of wild game, the destruction of the ecological balance and the occasional loss of human life depress me, the unknown climax to such fun and games frightens me.

Santee, Calif.

FRANCIS P. HILL

Sirs:

After reading your article on poisoning and the two rebuttals by Jack Berryman, chief of the Government's Wildlife Services, and Edwin Marsh, executive secretary of the National Wool Growers Association, I'd just like to know who's lying! According to Berryman, only the most humane toxicants with the least impact on the environment are used, and none of the poisons used moves through the food chain. This doesn't exactly fit your description of 1080—"difficult to imagine a more audacious homicidal poison"; "extremely hazardous to animals higher in the food chain"; "does not degrade easily."

Berryman claims, "We have not brought to the verge of extinction any target animals, let alone any of the others." In contrast to this, we are given quotes from men who actually live in the area (i.e., Glenn Sutton, Charles Orlosky and Paul Maxwell) expressing deep concern over the rapid disappearance of once abundant and relatively harmless animals.

As for Edwin Marsh, who obviously places the "survival" and profits of the wool industry over the ecological balance of nature, I say keep up the good work. If you don't think the present poisoning program is adequate, develop even more deadly toxicants, and eventually maybe you'll have a strain of coyote that is resistant to all poisons. Then it will be baaaa wool industry.

Fort Dodge, Iowa

JUDY ERTL

Sirs:

I have enjoyed SI for several years and am pleased with your stand on environmental pollution, especially Jack Olsen's article *The Poisoning of the West*. I have grown up as a part-time trapper in a livestock-oriented area of western Colorado. I am aware of ranchers scattering poisoned

animal carcasses over their grazing areas, although these ranchers seem to prefer thallium, since the poison itself is not regurgitated and it kills the animal slowly, usually with most of the hair falling out before death. Amazingly, there are still a few coyotes left, but I think the major damage is being done to predatory bird populations. I realize many of the ranchers have predator problems, but there must be a better solution than using poisoned baits.

Another example of the power of livestock men in this area is reflected in the property taxes of my home county. Forty mills goes to the Predatory Animal Fund (sheep and goats). The water conservation districts, fire protection districts and junior college fund combined receive less than 40 mills. The school districts receive 43 to 73 mills.

PAUL LEMBRICH

Silt, Colo.

Sirs:

I am not a conservationist nor am I too greatly concerned about the ecology problem, but your article on poisoning made me ill. How can a nation that has so much justify the killing of wild animals just to satisfy a specialty group like woolgrowers? I realize that wild animals do kill domestic livestock, but does that justify the use of a poison as potent as 1080, where only one ounce can kill 200 adult humans or 20,000 coyotes or dogs or 70,000 house cats? I would also like to ask the woolgrowers of the Western states what gives them the right to destroy animals of any kind on public lands?

ANDY S. WATSON

Bozema Park, Calif.

Sirs:

To say the least, your article has left me with a deep feeling of revulsion toward yet another chapter in the book apparently entitled *How To Destroy Yourself—and Look Stupid Doing It*. Maybe a solution would be to handle the sheepherders like the cattlemen did in the old Western movies.

Some people may be described as "little old ladies in tennis shoes," but they may just be really concerned about our country.

WIL H. FRIDOLF JR.

Greenville, S.C.

Sirs:

I am ready, willing and able to stand up and be counted in favor of stockmen protecting their livelihood (their flocks and herds) by whatever means needed. Mr. Olsen is an able writer and researcher; the only trouble is he is just 100% wrong in defending the worthless, pesky, stinking coyote. As a sort of far-out companion, let

YESTERDAY

How Risley Lost at Billiards

Strong, skillful and gorgeous, the professor could do everything better than anyone—except when he was shooting pool against real champs

In the 19th century there flourished—and later faltered—a remarkable, multitalented American sportsman and showman who called himself Professor Risley. His real name was Richard Risley Carlisle, and he began his diverse life in 1814 in New Jersey. A fine flute player, he also possessed great strength and a splendidly proportioned figure so that he hested everyone around in wrestling and running. In addition to such bodily graces he was as handsome as a man may be. No wonder, then, that with all these qualities, and a daring nature to boot, the professor chose the circus for his career. He was billed as an acrobat, but he was unlike any acrobat anyone then had seen, and the kind of act he developed has been known in sawdust circles ever since as a "risley."

Somewhere in his travels Risley had acquired two boys whom he referred to as his sons. In Risley's act, as it was first developed, the sons would come on stage first and dance about with delicate grace. Then on would come Professor Risley, dressed like the boys in short drawers and a tight shirt with ornamental badges decking his neck. By way of warmup he would lightly flip the children some 25 feet into the air, from which prodigious toss they would land as softly and safely as kittens. Then would begin, as the *New York Herald* put it, "a series of tours de force the more incredible in that they betray not the least effort, nor the least fatigue, nor the least hesitation. The two adorable gamins, successively or together, climb to the assault of their father, who receives them on the palms of his hands or the soles of his feet, launches them, returns them, throws them, passes them from right to left, and picks them up with as much ease as an Indian juggler maneuvers his copper balls."

What impressed everyone most about Risley's act was the children's air of enjoyment in performing in it. Contempor-

ary illustrations show one boy smiling happily as he balances in perfect balletic fourth position—on one toe and with one arm raised—on the poised hand of his father who is also in the fourth position, while the other child flies through the air in a perfect leap.

Audiences everywhere were delighted by the polish and charm of the act. The professor was a great success in New York, and in London he performed for the royal family and was given a decoration. In Paris he inspired the famous critic, Théophile Gautier, to think up a whole new theory of a dream theater, the Theater of Marvels. In Italy ballets were composed for him and his talented boys. In Moscow the Czar gave him a fabulous order usually granted only to the most distinguished opera or ballet stars.

But clearly mere success in show business was not enough for such a man. Seeking further triumphs on his midwinter trip to Russia in 1845, he astonished his hosts by winning a number of figure-skating and rifle-shooting contests. Back in London later that same year, a group of distinguished gentlemen gave Risley a party to celebrate his Russian triumph, and Risley capped the occasion by making a wager during the dinner that he could beat in fair competition England's best shot, its toughest wrestler, its longest jumper, its best hammer thrower and its best billiard player. This grandiose proposal was thought to reflect the enspiriting effects of too much wine, but not at all. The next day Risley proved that he meant what he boasted as he set about busily making appointments to challenge England's several champions.

The "champions," most of whose names seem to have faded into oblivion, were at last assembled in London, and one by one Risley set about to bring them down. First he won the rifle shot, amusing himself and his guests after the victory by playfully tossing small ob-

jects in the air and unerringly shooting them down. He beat the wrestler and out-leaped the broad jumper with apparent ease. He courteously allowed the hammer thrower a handicap of 10 feet and even so beat him by 15 inches. But, alas, what he possessed in strength he lacked in finesse, and he was roundly beaten by the reigning British billiards champion, John Roberts.

This defeat left Risley deeply chagrined. According to most American billiard players, it shouldn't have. None of them, in fact, considered Risley all that good. Though he shot better pool than most, what he had was enthusiasm rather than skill, and at that time American billiards was decidedly inferior to the game played in England or France. Chagrined or not, Risley never lost his enthusiasm for billiards. Long after he had stopped being an acrobat he found time to design a new kind of billiard table and to arrange an exhibition tour for a famous French player, whose particular playing techniques Risley studied and reduced to diagrams to help advance the game.

Retired from the stage a rich man, Risley could not endure inactivity. He organized another troupe, including one of his original "sons" (who had grown into a remarkable female impersonator), several gymnasts, ballet dancers, tight-rope walkers, "the greatest living Ethiopian dancer" and a brass band, and took them all on tour in South America. He employed the varied talents of his company both separately and in grand tableaux, with themes taken from history and mythology, thus giving a new dimension to circus life—"Diana and the Satyrs" was one appealing subject title.

Still later in life Risley organized an even larger troupe and took it to the Orient, performing in Shanghai and Tokyo. There in 1867, hot on the heels of Commodore Perry, Risley was charmed by the skill of Japanese acrobats and brought a few of them back on a sensational tour of America and Europe. When the most famous of the group, a child called Little All-Right, outgrew tumbling, a job was found for him as bartender in a New York billiard hall.

Unfortunately Risley's own daring and enthusiasm at last outran his nerves and his business acumen: he lost both mind and money and died a madman in Philadelphia in 1874. —MARY EVANS

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anyone drive across the Great Plains and observe some of the most fertile farmlands in the world. Not so long ago these lands were buffalo range. Untold wealth has been and is being produced here, supporting millions of people and businesses, industries, great institutions and universities, all founded and supported by agriculture. True, the bison are gone, forever exterminated by man, and many bleeding hearts are still moaning about that. Ecology hysteria is on the rise over common sense. I say: Up the wool-growing industry! Long may it prosper!

Once a railroad lawyer and a sheepman's lawyer were having a hot legal battle over the death of 300 sheep in a railway accident. As a clincher, the stockman's attorney quoted the Bible. Said he, citing chapter and verse, "It says right here, don't harm my sheep."

FRANK BUCKLER

Walla Walla, Wash.

Sirs:

I was fascinated by the first part of Jack Olsen's article. Mr. Olsen has again proved himself to be one of the most distinguished writers on the American scene.

In refutation of Mr. Marsh of the National Wool Growers Association: It was estimated (by Gerald A. Cole, *Bulletin of the Ecological Society of America*, December 1970) that the loss of livestock (including two horses) due to coyotes in Arizona during fiscal 1969 was about \$42,225. At the same time, the reported pre-rated cost for killing 1,864 coyotes that year was \$157,603. The *Bulletin* article also points out that 148 black-tailed jackrabbits consume the forage that would support one cow or five sheep. If we can assume, as Cole did, that live coyotes can kill 148 black-tailed jackrabbits per annum, the loss of 1,864 coyotes bugged during 1969 in Arizona was equivalent to a loss of range forage for 373 cattle or 1,864 sheep, worth about \$53,000. Thus the net cost to the sheep industry and taxpayer for coyote control in Arizona during 1969 was approximately \$168,378. Ironical!

RONALD C. FRANCO
Natural Resource Ecology
Laboratory
Colorado State University

Fort Collins, Colo.

Sirs:

As a practicing doctor of veterinary medicine I am familiar with the toxicology of the poisons mentioned by Jack Olsen. To believe that anyone could indiscriminately spew this material onto any part of our land is absolutely appalling.

O. L. SMITH, D.V.M.

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Sirs:

It is ironic that the same technology that gives us 1080 poison can also produce syn-

thetic substitutes for wool. If these extermination practices are allowed to continue unchecked, will technology be able to produce synthetic coyotes or foxes or eagles—or sheepskins?

JOHN A. HIBBICK

State College, Pa.

Sirs:

I went to college for three years to study wildlife and the management of various species of wildlife. In school I was led to believe that predator control went out around 1950. If, as Mr. Olsen claims, wildlife is still being decimated (managed) in this way, then students in this field are being duped as to the true facts and it's time for the young biologists to take over the responsibility of managing our wildlife and to get rid of the "old school" who are incompetent insofar as maintaining a public trust is concerned. Hopefully the present management is not as bad as Mr. Olsen would have us believe.

JACK M. BRIELEY

Eureka, Calif.

Sirs:

It is hard to articulate my profound and deepening feeling of despair that mankind is marching toward its own destruction. Since the opening up of the New World, man has had a bloodlust attitude toward animal life which continues to this day. Always it has been condoned on economic grounds, as is the program to exterminate predators today. If our economic system dictates that there is not enough of America for coyotes, wolves, raptors and black-footed ferrets, then I say there are too many Homo sapiens.

In our mad ripping apart of ecosystems, surely we shall eventually suffer as have so many other species, for much as we may think otherwise, we are entwined in the natural world and depend on it for survival. Please, let's stop our destructive tampering with death and instead get on with the very difficult job of making planet Earth a fit place for man and for beasts (of every kind).

GAILTCHIN KINS

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

God save us from ourselves!

WILLIAM ROBINSON

Richmond, Va.

THE FIGHT

Sirs:

I congratulate you, Mark Kram and Photographers James Drake, George Kalinsky, Neil Leifer, Herb Schaffman and Tony Triolo for the excellent job done covering the Fight of the Century (*End of the Ali Legend*, March 15). Kram's article is superb. Everyone is entitled to his opinion, but

Joe Frazier proved decisively who the real champ was.

CHARLEY SMITH

Atlanta

Sirs:

It finally happened. The Louisville Lip has been beaten, and beaten bad. Of course, Sil shows "the battered face of a winner," but not even you can take away the exuberant pride felt by the followers of Joe Frazier. Modesty, humbleness and sincerity are some of the ingredients of a true champion, and Joe Frazier has them all. Big-mouthing, loud talking and unjust criticism don't stand up in the ring.

Yes, Ali, you were right—no contest!

RON CHAMBERS

Big Rapids, Mich.

Sirs:

At last I've found an article on the fight that was fair. But your heading, *End of the Ali Legend*, is misleading; only the U.S. Supreme Court will end this man's career. Joe Frazier didn't do it.

SEAVE GILPATRICK

Orono, Maine

Sirs:

On March 8 Joe Frazier proved to be a tough, relentless fighter. Moreover, by defeating Ali, he proved to be an iconoclast. He destroyed the image of a superhero. He crushed an idol. He toppled an icon.

Yet Frazier should not rest on his newly fattened back. Ali may be vanquished and silenced now, but he'll rise again after the eight (month) count. In the inevitable rematch the icon shall break the iconoclast.

GLENN SMITH

Lynbrook, N.Y.

Sirs:

As one of those millions that he moved deeply, let me say that Ali is hardly as near his own end as Mark Kram would have it. Ali is still the great artist and man we knew he was all along. He is still a symbol that boxing will not, and certainly should not, forget. Like Arnold Palmer in golf, Ali has made an otherwise mediocre sport into something majestic and evocative. Joe Frazier and Jack Nicklaus are champions, but Muhammad Ali and Arnold Palmer are kings, and nothing will ever change that.

KEN D. ESSLINGER

Palo Alto, Calif.

MARK OR BETY

Sirs:

Your writer, Robert H. Boyle, has captured the true nature of Robert Abady ("Nobody Touches Me with Insanity," March 15) and has accurately portrayed the personality hiding behind his bravado. It should be obvious to your readers that the true reason for Mr. Abady's lack of success in gain-

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

ing admission to the Bouvier des Flandres Club of America lies not in the fear of his wiping the floor but in the club's good judgment in not allowing ourselves to be placed in the possible position of giving approval for his unconventional actions. He has applied for membership on more than one occasion and has never been accepted.

Let the public be confused, the bouvier is a working dog. He is a superlative guard dog, but he is also an ideal pet for children. He is used for all kinds of herding and for draft chores. He is not basically an attack dog but is possessive about his family and its interests.

Mr. Abady may be considered by some as an expert on condition and nutrition, but his explanation for lack of good health in dogs does his "expertise" little good. He is the first dog breeder I have heard of to ever have a 60% loss of newborn puppies. We rarely lose any, and we do not employ any supplements. A good veterinarian is worth far more than some wild-eyed theory from a former spoiled brat.

ARTHUR M. PEDERSEN, M.D.

President

Bouvier des Flandres Club of America
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Sirs:

I am disappointed in Robert H. Boyle's presentation of the bouvier des Flandres. As one of Robert Abady's first trainers and his assistant, I know the breed better than most. I feel that the article misleads the public as to the breed's capability as a family pet, friendly neighbor and family protector. It gives the unknowing reader the impression that the bouvier is a vicious, bloodthirsty breed rather than a protective and loving animal.

JOHN F. O'BRIEN

Carmel, N.Y.

Sirs:

Before your article our bouvier was being invited to neighborhood birthday parties. Parents are now warning their children to stay away. This article has done nothing to advance the breeding of these wonderful dogs.

SUSAN HYLAND

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Mr. Boyle should be commended for one of the best articles you have ever done. Could you tell me where I could get literature on this dog and where I could get one for a reasonable price?

FRANCIS CICETTI

Paruspany, N.J.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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When the McLaren team said "U.S. car owners see things like we do"... the men at Reynolds replied, "Sure—aluminum engines under the hood."



Denis Hulme of the 1970 Can-Am champion McLaren team, at Riverside, California, where the team won its 9th victory in 10 Can-Am races.



The engine of the 1971 Vega 2300, with an all-aluminum block made with a high silicon alloy developed by the Reynolds Automotive Team.

When a championship auto racing team builds an engine for its cars, money is no object. They look for performance—period.

To get that performance, the Canadian-American Challenge Cup champion, the McLaren team, used an aluminum engine made with a new alloy. Developed by the men at Reynolds, it's the same alloy that's in the aluminum engine of a new family-type economy car, the Chevrolet Vega 2300.

Years in research, this new alloy makes an engine that gives today's drivers the performance they like: peppy, easy-handling, quick starting and stopping, and excellent gas mileage. Because it's tough and scuff-and-wear-resisting, the alloy eliminates the need for cylinder liners, so the engine is lighter and more economical.

Proven in the most grueling test of all—the rugged Can-Am road racing circuit—the new Reynolds alloy has helped put real automotive performance into the economy price class.

The new alloy is the latest in a long list of developments produced by the Reynolds Automotive Team, the RAT Patrol, working with automotive industry designers, engineers, and leading racing drivers. They've put strong, weight-saving aluminum into dozens of trim and functional parts to help in the continuous effort to give U.S. car buyers better buys every year.

Reynolds Metals Company, leading supplier of aluminum to the automotive industry, P.O. Box 27003-LD, Richmond, Virginia 23261.



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